WHO WILL BE THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION?
By JACK DEMPSEY

R. 29,
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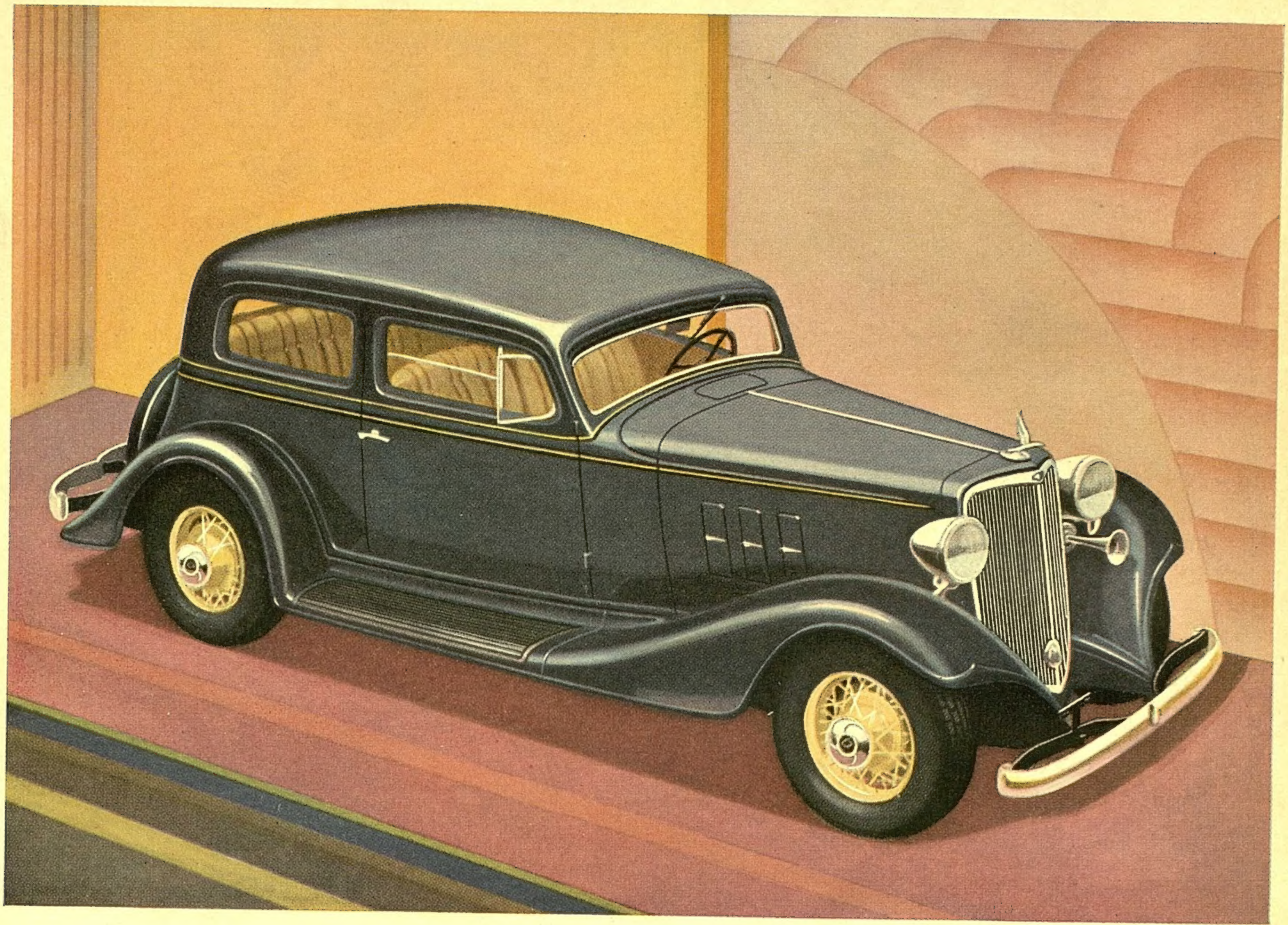

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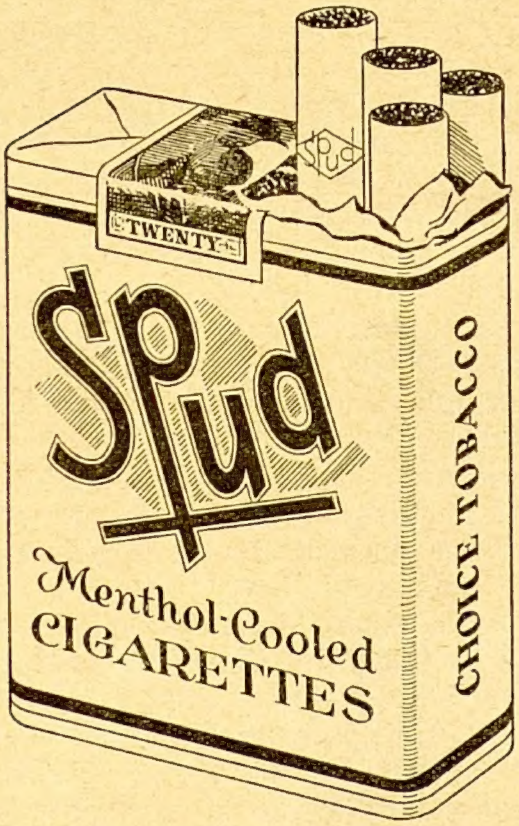
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America's Best Read Weekly

April 29, 1933 Vol. 10, No. 17

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by H. R. McBRIDE

SLICING THE VETERANS' PAY

Perhaps the most unpleasant task facing Washington at this time is the grim necessity of reducing the cost of the World War veterans' pensions.

There is nothing more onerous than cutting a soldier's pay. Those who have seen actual service earn all that they get, regardless of the amount. You cannot pay for such services in dollars and cents.

But pensions have become a mountainous load. If their upward tendencies are not checked they will ultimately bankrupt the nation.

It has been stated by some critics that half of the World War pensions are questionable in character. That would make a total annual loss of several hundred million dollars.

The present administration is hoping to save a large share of this sum by eliminating some of these claims and possibly through a small reduction of those that continue on record.

Some time ago the writer suggested in this column that all pensions be paid by the individual states. That the taxing power be delegated to the states for this purpose.

Let the home folks care for their injured veterans. They can do it more sympathetically and more justly. And then dishonest claims could be detected more easily.

A veteran might be willing to sign a questionable claim on far distant Washington. Nobody would know him there. But if he knew that his claim was to be scrutinized locally—that his neighbors and friends would have to help to pay this additional tax—the claim would rarely be made unless it could bear rigid investigation.

Let the home folks care for the home folks.

There are naturally many claims in which the decision as to whether they are just or otherwise hangs in the balance. It is often difficult to decide justly. Many people maintain that all such doubtful claims should be allowed. That would be the fair way to handle them if the additional expense could be afforded. But the government is facing serious financial problems. Costs will have to be cut and then cut some more.

The budget is said to be just about balanced. But the yearly expense of the federal government is still a staggering sum. The cutting process that our President has started with such enthusiasm must go on and on for an indefinite period.

But if the entire expense associated with all pensions could be assumed by the states, naturally allowing them the associated taxing privilege for this purpose, there would be but little ultimate difference, as these pensions are now paid in the form of federal taxes that are levied on the citizens throughout the various states.

Furthermore, the Washington government has been gradually usurping the rights of the states. President Coolidge called attention to this tendency when he was in office and vigorously condemned it.

Any effort, therefore, that is made to bring back the sovereign rights of the states should be encouraged.

The federal government is now heavily loaded with all sorts of socialistic activities which cannot be afforded at this time, much of which will doubtless be discarded by the present administration. And if our new President and his executives could be told that they could forget the veterans' problems—that these men would be looked after carefully, sympathetically, and justly by the home folks, their responsibilities would be tremendously lightened.

Some legislators will doubtless maintain that the states could not afford to assume the pension claims of their citizens. And doubtless the federal government might have to pay these claims for a limited period. But ultimately all states could afford to assume this responsibility.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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WHO WILL BE THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION ?

By
JACK DEMPSEY

A Review of the Present Crop of Battlers, and An Estimate of Their Chances to Win the Title

(Reading time: 14 minutes 30 seconds.)

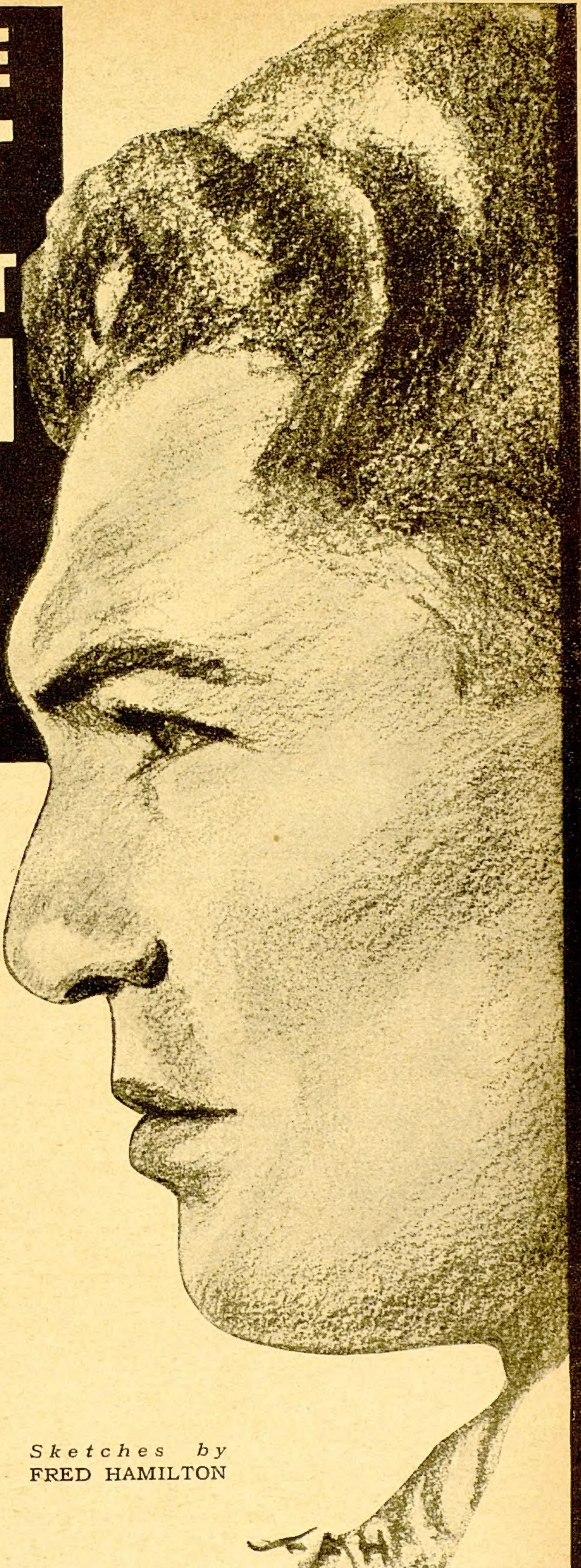
BOXING is coming back strong this year. It will draw big crowds because there will be a fighting champion at the head of the game. The sport always has a great boom when the champion of the world is a first-class willing fighter who never makes excuses to dodge dangerous contenders but is glad to take on the best man that challenges him. When we have that kind of a champion his good influence is felt through all the classes, down to the feathers and flyweights. That kind of a champion is on his way now.

Everyone expects that this year we will work ourselves out of the depression, which has hit boxing as well as all other sports; but no matter how slowly business may improve, you will soon see a boom in the game because the new champion will be a fighter, not a talker.

Look at the crowds that have filled stadiums for football games since the depression set in. Why were they so great? Because those games were on the level, and the boys in the field were putting everything they had into the fight. It will be the same with boxing this year.

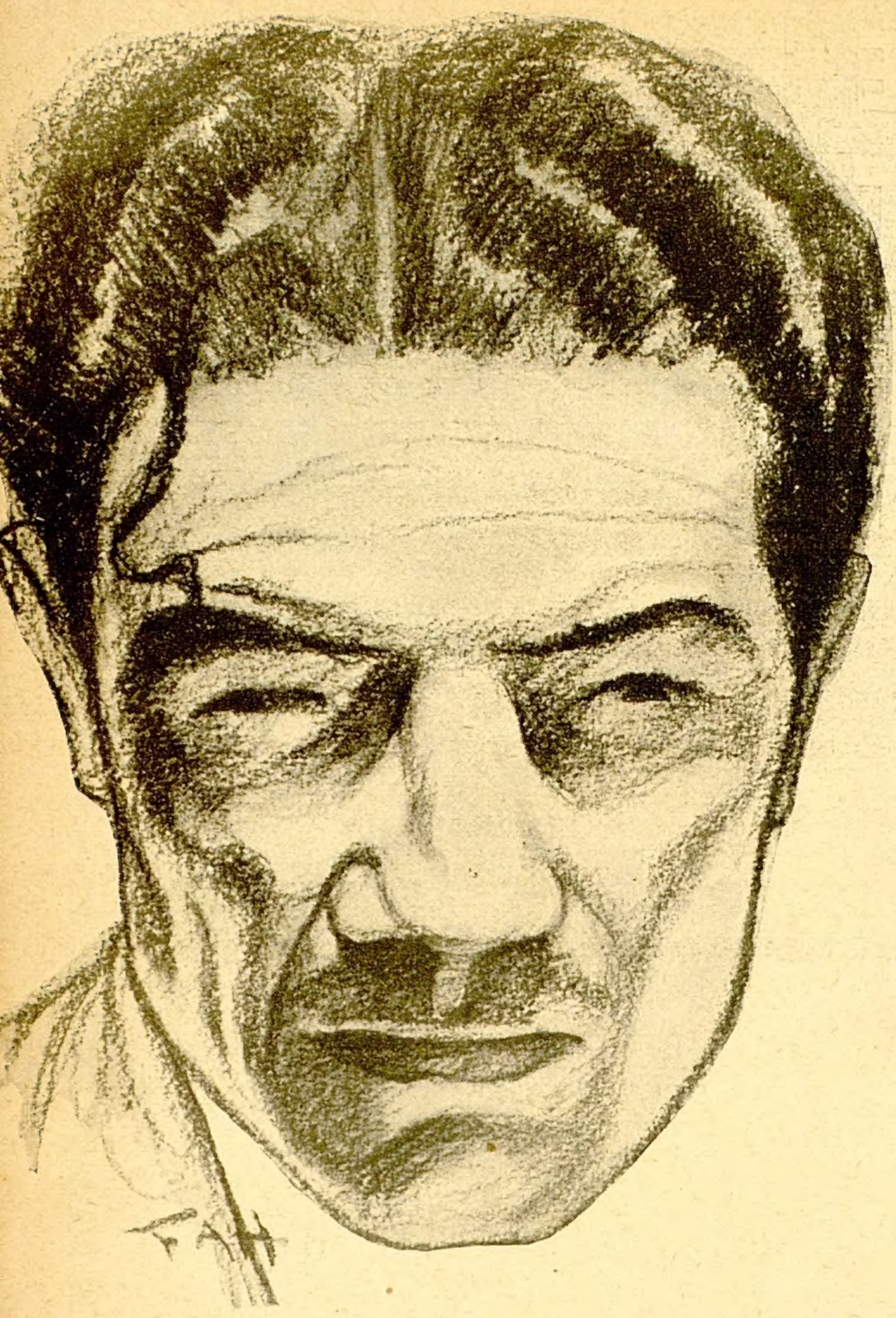
We are coming out of the slump that began when Jack Sharkey folded up and backed away from battle after he got that queer decision over Schmeling last summer. It is his hard luck that he refused to meet Schmeling again, and said he didn't recognize him even as a challenger. He might as well refuse to recognize the sun shining over him in the sky. The sports writers and the fans generally agree that Schmeling is the best man in the ring up to date. That is on record.

I got a great kick out of what Max said after the battle: "Well, everybody knows I won. Giving Jack the decision can't do him much good or do me much harm." That is the spirit of a real fighting man, and that is why I was so keen to sign up Max for the next real battle for the championship. Baer has proved himself the best contender, and I am so sure of it that I am not bothering about a



Sketches by
FRED HAMILTON

Jack Dempsey was the most sensational of heavyweight champions since John L. Sullivan. Now he promotes fights. He might come back!



MAX BAER

guaranty for the purse. All we want is to find an arena big enough to hold the crowd that is sure to gather to see these two fight it out for the title. They have the biggest prize in the world to fight for; they are fast and clever; they can take it as well as give it; and they are always crowding in for victory. The winner will be the real champion of the world. It is a mistake to think that there are very few good men in sight. There are plenty of good men but they don't get much of a play. Conditions have been bad in the fight business; that is not their fault but their misfortune. I am glad to look them over for Liberty and give my opinion of them for what it may be worth. I've watched them all in the ring and I have no favorites. At this moment I am a promoter, but I am starting now on a seven weeks' tour of boxing in vaudeville; so you can see I'm as interested as ever in keeping fit. Don't ask me whether I'll ever fight again; for, honestly, I don't know. I keep in good shape and I know I have some good fights in my system.

In looking over the prospects for the next championship, let us begin at the top. Whether you think Sharkey deserves it or not, he comes first, for he holds the title. Jack has been fighting a long time, and he is still about as fast and strong as any big man of our day. When he feels that things are breaking right, he can put up a fine battle, but in a pinch it often happens that he loses his judgment and blows up. He is an honest fighter—I think he'd rather lose his arm than hit a foul blow—and yet he did hit Schmeling low in their first fight, and fouled himself out of the championship. There is a queer puzzle.

Jack certainly has had enough experience to keep him out of trouble. Still, he has had the misfortune to make one bad break after another at times when he suffered by them. I like Jack Sharkey, and I believe that his mistakes have been due not to lack of heart but to some kink in his nervous system that none of us ordinary folks can understand.

Sharkey has a fine family growing up around him, a pleasant home that he built, a big fortune well invested. It is not easy for a man to turn his back on all that and go through the long, tiresome grind of training for battle. Jack is very different from the young fellow who fought his way out of the navy ten years ago and was keen and hungry to get to the top. He was overweight when he fought Schmeling at Queens—and you couldn't blame him. How will he be the next time? Will he be there?

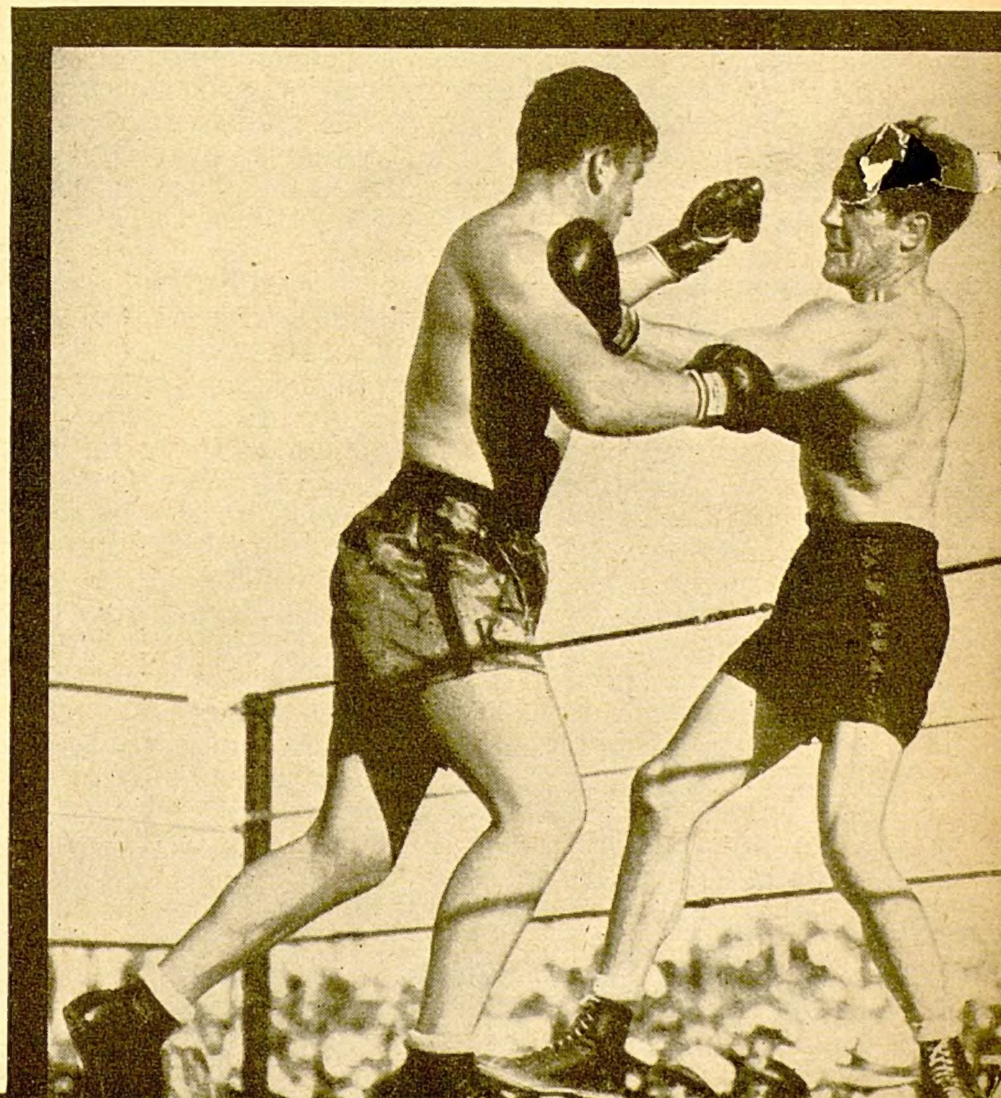
A comfortable home is a great handicap to a fighter. The prospects are none too bright for Mr. Sharkey of Easy Street.

MAX SCHMELING is still in his twenties, ambitious, intelligent, just coming into his best years in the ring; vigorous, persistent, and full of courage. Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but I think he is one of the best ever. I say prejudiced because I've liked him from the time we first met. It was at Düsseldorf in 1925, when the German Boxing Federation gave me a dinner. Max was a boy then, had just won the national middleweight, light-heavy, and heavyweight titles, and was eager to learn how the game was carried on in America. I told him he'd have harder competition here, but he'd go far if he had the right stuff in him.

" I want to get to the top," he told me. " I work hard, and I learn something new in every fight. I study all the American boxers that come here. I've watched you a lot. I know I have a long way to go, but I'm going to do my best."

That is the kind of man that gets to the top. He was ambitious but modest, and he caught on quickly to a few things I showed him. He was a clean-cut, healthy lad then, and he has lived right ever since. I never saw a fellow with better natural qualities for the ring, and he has improved with every battle.

When Max knocked out Young Stribling he did a job that none of the others had been able to do, and he did



International photos

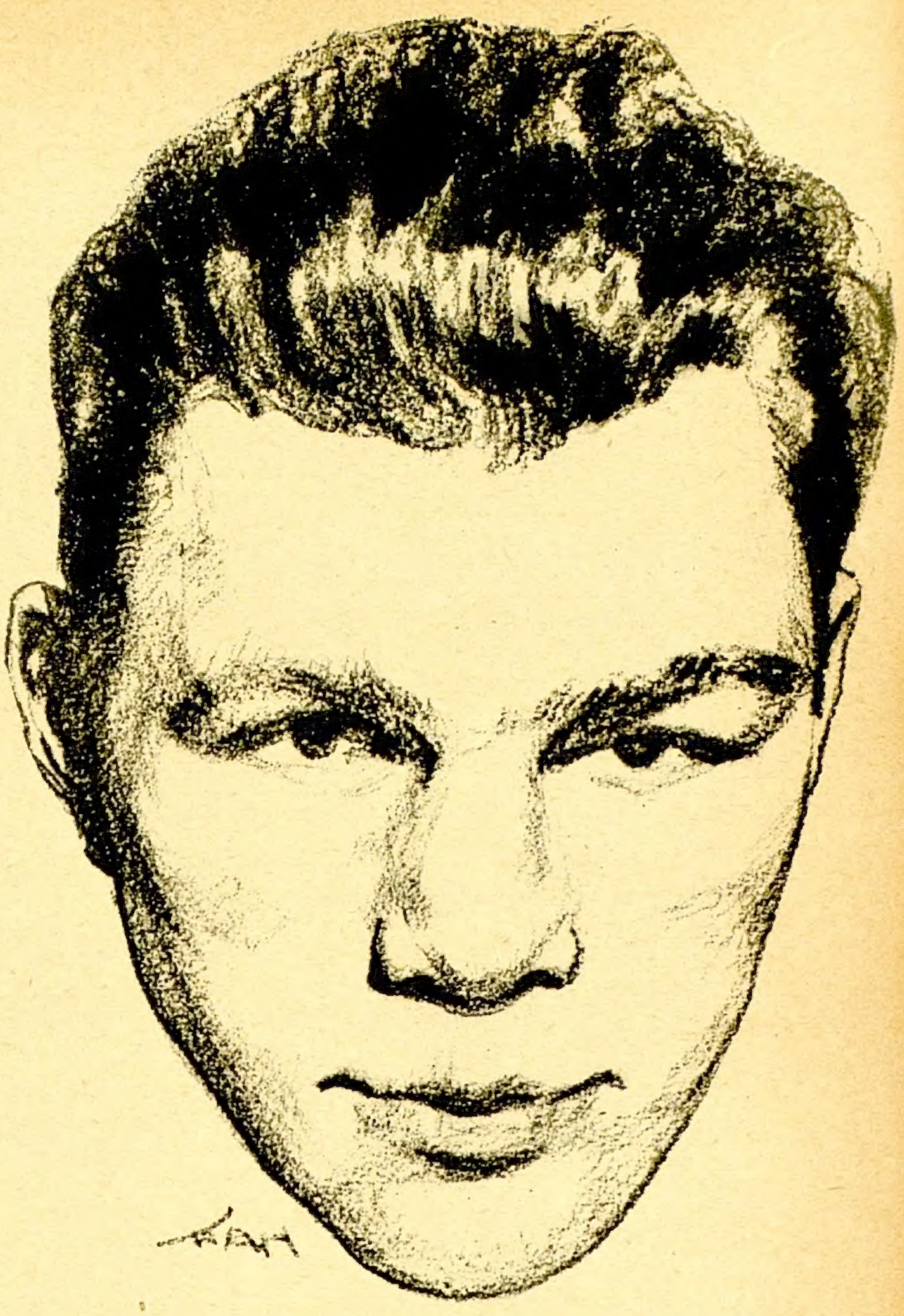
Max Baer (right) spoils King Levinsky's effort to get him on the ropes, at Reno. Baer got the decision by a big margin.

it because he was a better fighter than Stribling, could stand punishment better and come through with more fight after taking it on the chin and in the body. He kept his head, and the harder he was hit the more he kept coming in, until he had Stribling out on his feet. That was no easy job. You remember that when Stribling and Jack Sharkey met at Miami neither of them did much, because each one was afraid to take a chance. No man can expect to win the championship unless he will take a chance. Schmeling has never stepped back under fire and he has everything. If he had knocked out Sharkey, of course he would be much better off; but it is pretty hard to knock out a fast man who will not fight and keeps running away. Schmeling has had a fine time since he went home to Germany last summer, living in the open and doing enough work to keep in good shape. When he begins training he will not need much more than to sharpen up his timing and accuracy in hitting.

If you ask me who is the best man in the ring today, I answer that he is either Max Schmeling or Max Baer; and if you pin me down to naming one, I can only say, take your pick—I can't choose between them. I had all the world to select from, and I took Baer as the best man in sight to fight Schmeling. Baer is a good two-handed boxer, always coming in head-on, and improving in every fight. He has put on fifteen pounds since he married, a year ago. He is only twenty-three years old, full of ambition, and the more he is hit the better he fights.

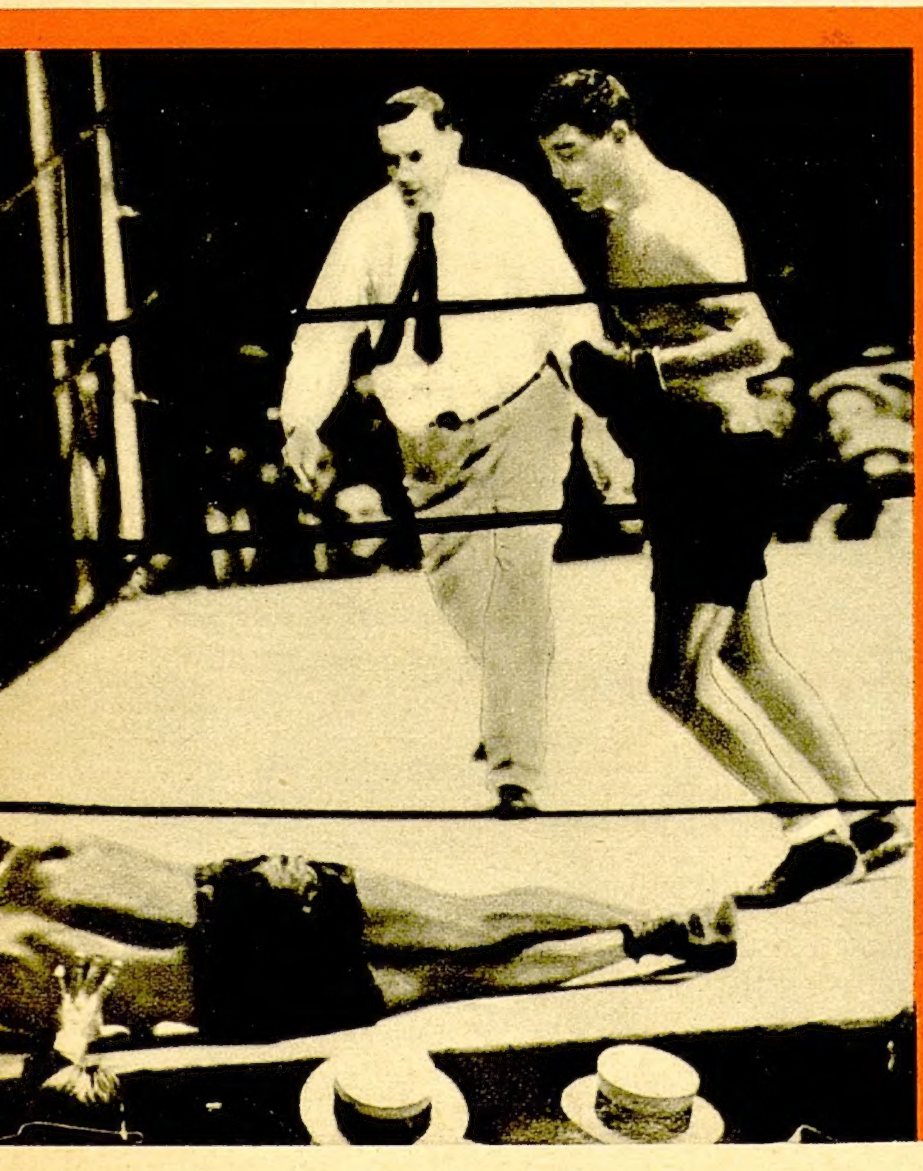
BAER has won his last eleven fights, doing better each time. He is very different now from the crude performer he was two years ago, when Ernie Schaaf outpointed him in ten rounds. About all Baer had then was his courage and a swinging punch with either hand. He hits straight now, has improved his timing and grown ring-wise. The best thing about him is that he is a fighter who likes to fight.

Max was a big husky butcher boy at Livermore, near San Francisco, when he began to box, three years ago; six feet two and a half inches tall, two hundred pounds. He won a good many local fights, then came East for bigger game. Tommy Loughran outpointed him, and so did Uzcudun the Basque, as well as Schaaf. He learned something from each of them, then took on Tom Heeney. Tom had a good lead in the first two rounds, but in the third Max drove him to the ropes and, with a left hook to the chin and a right in the ribs, knocked him through the ropes and down among the press seats—out for keeps. Time, one minute, three seconds of the third. That was smart work, and I began to keep an eye on Baer as a likely comer.


MAX SCHMELING

I matched Baer with King Levinsky at Reno last Fourth of July. Levinsky soon found he had tackled a big job, and he skipped out of the way of all the punches he could; but Max kept drilling him in the body, wore him down, and made him miss his best shots. He looked as if he could have outed Levinsky any time after the first ten rounds, but he was wise enough to keep him going and learn a lot by studying his defense. Max got the decision by a big margin after twenty rounds. A few weeks later he met Ernie Schaaf again, in a ten-round bout in Chicago.

Schaaf had ten pounds' advantage, had much longer experience, and was the favorite in the betting at 7 to 5. He was in good shape and expected to get the decision again. He was up against a much better man this time. Max went at Ernie from the first bell, not with a shower of swinging punches but with smart boxing—jabs, hooks, and swings well mixed—so that Schaaf never knew what to expect. Max merely played with him—then, two seconds before the last bell, drove a right on the chin that sent Ernie down. It was one of the coldest knockouts anyone ever saw—though all the credit Max gets in the record is the decision, because the ten rounds ended eight seconds before Ernie was counted out.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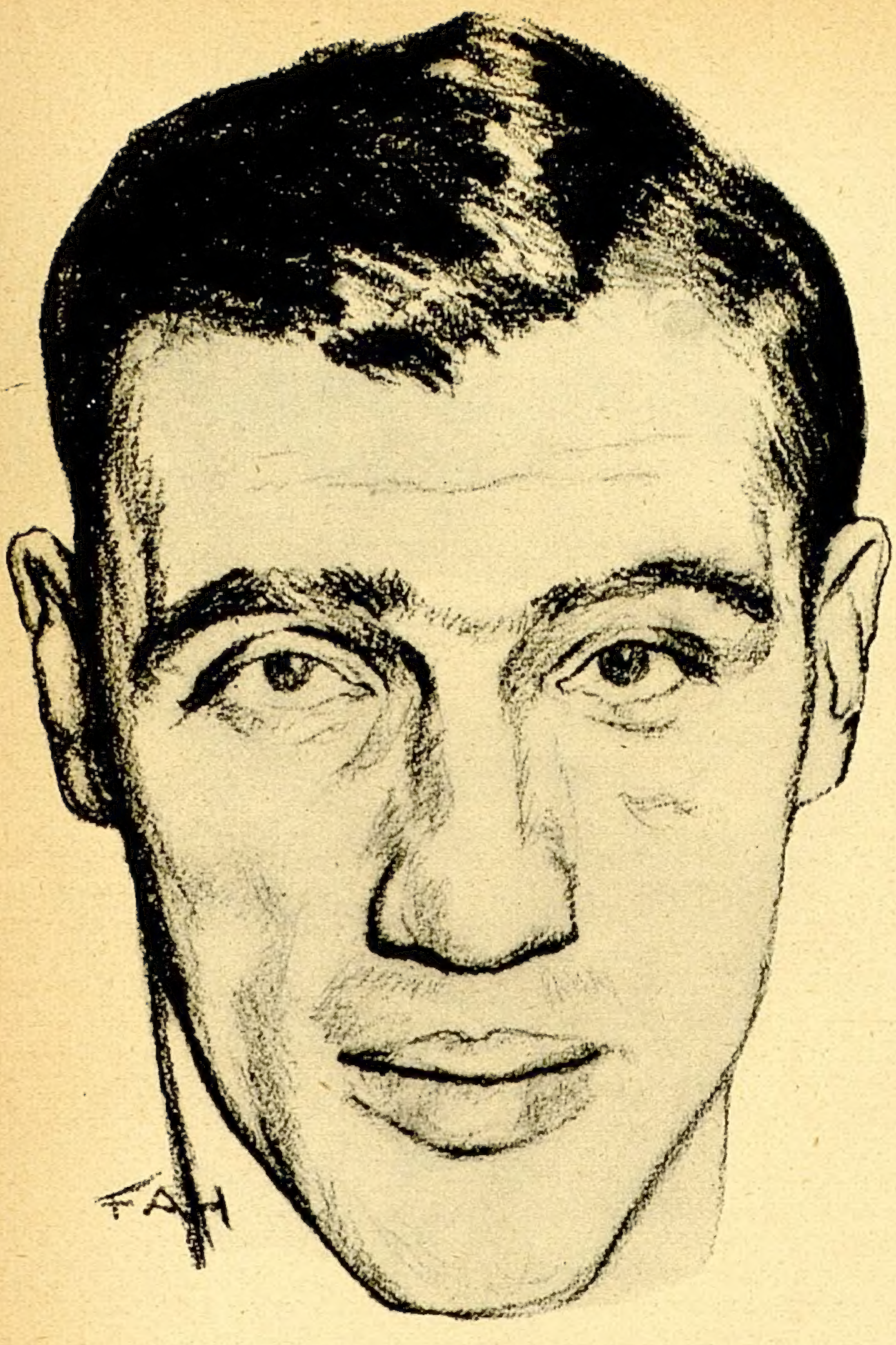
Max Schmeling knocks out Young Stribling, having taken all that Stribling had to offer without once stepping back.



PRIMO CARNERA

Since then Baer has beaten Johnny Risko, knocked out Walter Cobb, and stopped Tuffy Griffiths in a few rounds. He has improved in every fight. By the way, he has a kid brother, only seventeen years old, who stands six feet four, weighs 250 pounds, and has won some good battles. The boy is fast, can take it and keep up his speed. He looks like a comer—but he needs experience before we can judge him.

Primo de Carnera is a man to be reckoned with in the championship competition. He has had a weird career since he came here from Italy, and, in spite of many fights in which he looked like a novice, he has improved so much that today he is one of the most formidable contenders in the ring. He had an unfortunate experience with Ernie Schaaf. The chances are that if Schaaf had boxed any man who could hold him even, his own exertions would have caused his death. And his ten days of training, the doctors tell me, did him more harm than good.

Carnera was no more to blame for Schaaf's death than if he had competed with him in running or weight throwing. At the same time Carnera showed great improvement in his boxing, my friends tell me, showed that he had learned to put snap and drive in his left-hand blows—something he had never done before. He is no longer well meaning but awkward. All the boxing commissioners may not deem it necessary to keep him from fighting men far below his weight, and he seems today to be at least as formidable as Jess Willard was before he took the title from Jack Johnson.

Carnera, in his early twenties, came here from Venice four years ago. He stands six feet six and a half inches and weighs 261 pounds—half an inch taller and eleven pounds heavier than Willard was at his best. He strips well, shows enough muscular power to knock down a horse; but the thing you notice most about him is his smile. It is the smile of an overgrown, good-natured boy. He boxed that way, too, for he merely shoved his opponents around the ring with his left fist and did them no special harm except when he managed to hit them with his right. This did not happen very often, because a clever man could slip away from him or feint him into a tangle. He seemed to have the handicap that bothers all very big fighters—could not think or move as fast as smaller men, though his footwork was better than his hitting.

HIS managers took the tall Venetian on a tour through the West; but the men he fought did not amount to much, and the boys at the ringside laughed at him. He kept right on fighting and trying to learn. His managers brought him East and matched him with George Godfrey, the famous Black Shadow of Leiperville, Pennsylvania.

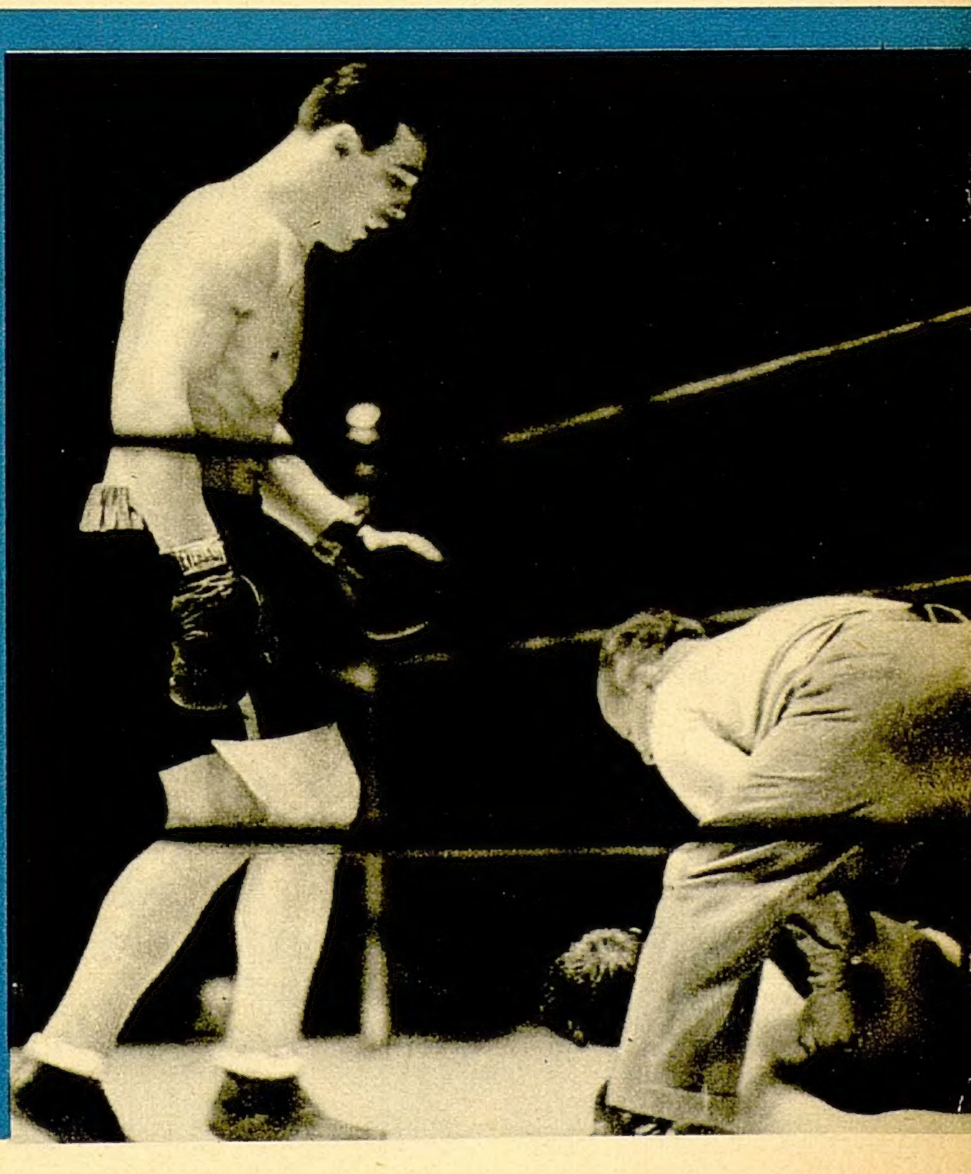
Godfrey stood six feet two and weighed 250 pounds, but he was not in the best condition, though he made a good showing against the Italian giant.

Thirty-five thousand fans swarmed into the National League ball park at Philadelphia and cheered Godfrey as he began to give Carnera a boxing lesson. George made the pace through the first four rounds, but he tired himself out punching the big fellow, who took all he had and came back for more.

In the fifth round Godfrey shot in a left hook that landed very low on Primo's body. There could be no doubt that it was a foul; the referee stopped the fight and gave the decision to Carnera—not what you could call a big boost for him, though his gameness in standing the gaff and the fact that he had trained faithfully were to his credit.

They took Carnera abroad to get more experience. He got too much. Larry Gains, a dark Canadian, stayed ten rounds against him near London and earned the referee's decision.

The big man sailed for America. They sent him



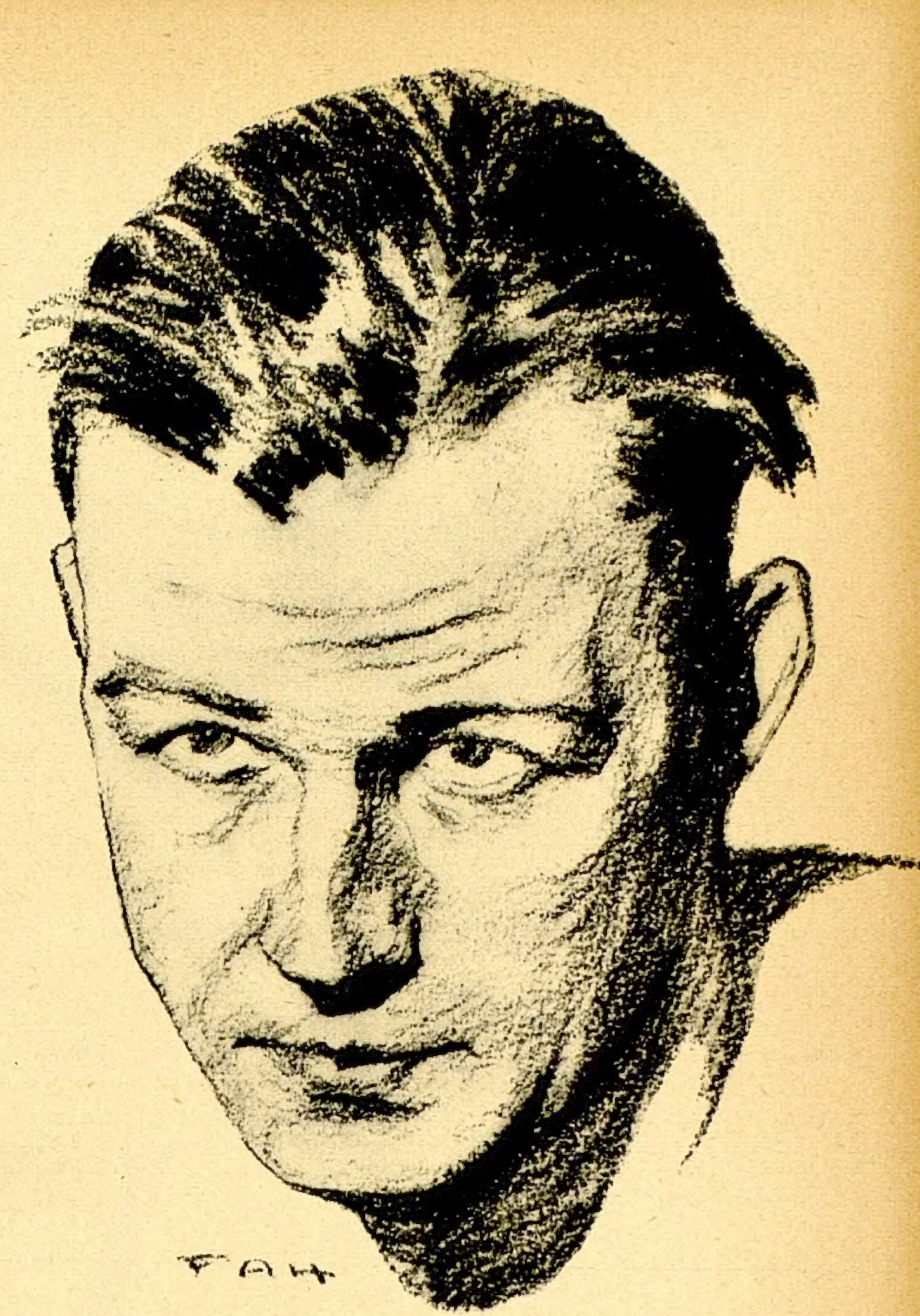
International photos

Ernie Schaaf, knocked out by Carnera, shortly after being ill, was lifted by Referee Cavanaugh. Later Schaaf died.

against Jack Gross, a Philadelphia southpaw, whom he knocked out in seven rounds; but the giant seemed flat-footed and sluggish. The crowd remembered that he had outed Gross in three rounds in an earlier match. It looked as if he was going back.

But Primo went up against Stanley Poreda, a 200-pound lad who had won from Ernie Schaaf, and met him at Newark, his home town. Stanley outfooted Primo, and in the opinion of the referee, Joe Mangold, outfought him. It was such a close decision that the New Jersey Boxing Commission found fault with Mangold. In the next few months Carnera knocked out the German Ted Sandwina in four rounds at Tampa, and Les Kennedy of Los Angeles in the third round at Boston.

In Madison Square Garden, New York, Carnera last November tackled a man of his size—Jose Santa, a Portuguese, who stood six feet nine and weighed 251. Santa's enormous height and reach protected him for a while, but after a couple of rounds Carnera began to land on him pretty often. His left-hand blows did little damage; but in the sixth round he got home a right hook to the jaw, and Santa tumbled. He got up, only to be dropped again by Primo's right for a count of nine, and when Primo downed him the third time Santa's seconds threw in the towel.



JACK SHARKEY

CARNERA won a close decision over King Levinsky at Chicago in December, knocked out K. O. Christner in four rounds at Omaha, and Big Boy Peterson in four rounds at Grand Rapids, and on the last day of 1932 put away Jack Spence of San Antonio in the first round at Dallas.

Then came his fatal knock-out of Ernie Schaaf at Madison Square Garden on February 10. They tell me that his fast, snappy lefts surprised the wise men who had seen him in action only a few months before.

One more man has to be considered among the championship possibilities—George Godfrey, the Black Shadow of Leiperville. In France or England Godfrey would have stood a better chance of getting somewhere, but in this country his color has prevented him from getting many good matches. Poor Godfrey isn't much of a menace today. I wish he could have a better chance. If he could get over his discouragement at the way he has been slighted, and train to his best, he might yet give a good account of himself. But that would be a job for a superman.

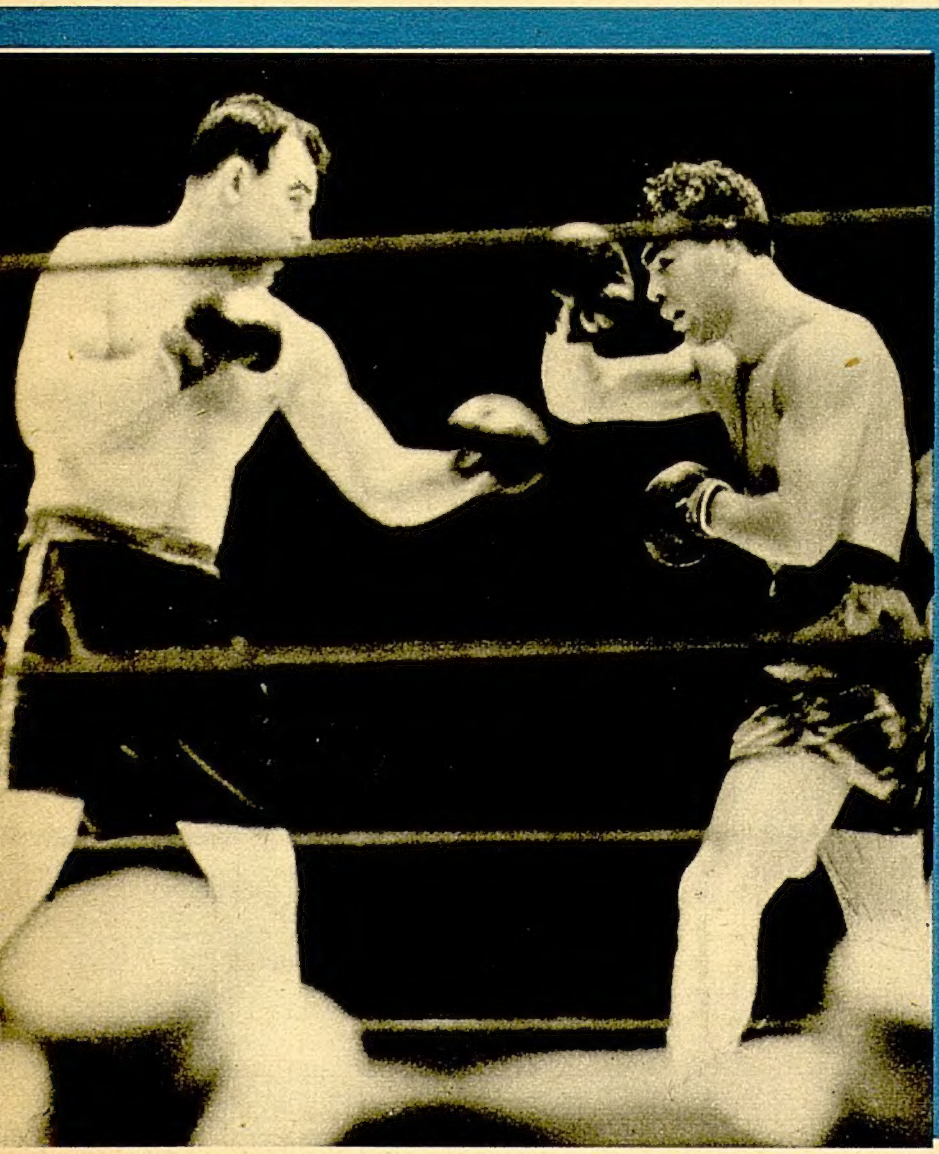
We have looked over the field of champions and near champions who will make the game popular this year. Schmeling and Baer are the best, but Carnera or one of the others may surprise us by coming to the front. If Stanley Poreda can build up more stamina, he has a good chance to get somewhere. He has the fighting heart. So has Steve Hamas, a fine young fellow who made a first-class record until lately, when influenza halted his progress. Charley Harvey is wise not to let him fight for a while.

Though there has been some talk of preventing a meeting between Carnera and Jack Sharkey for Jack's title, and the New York commission has barred them from the state, it is quite possible that they may fight somewhere else.

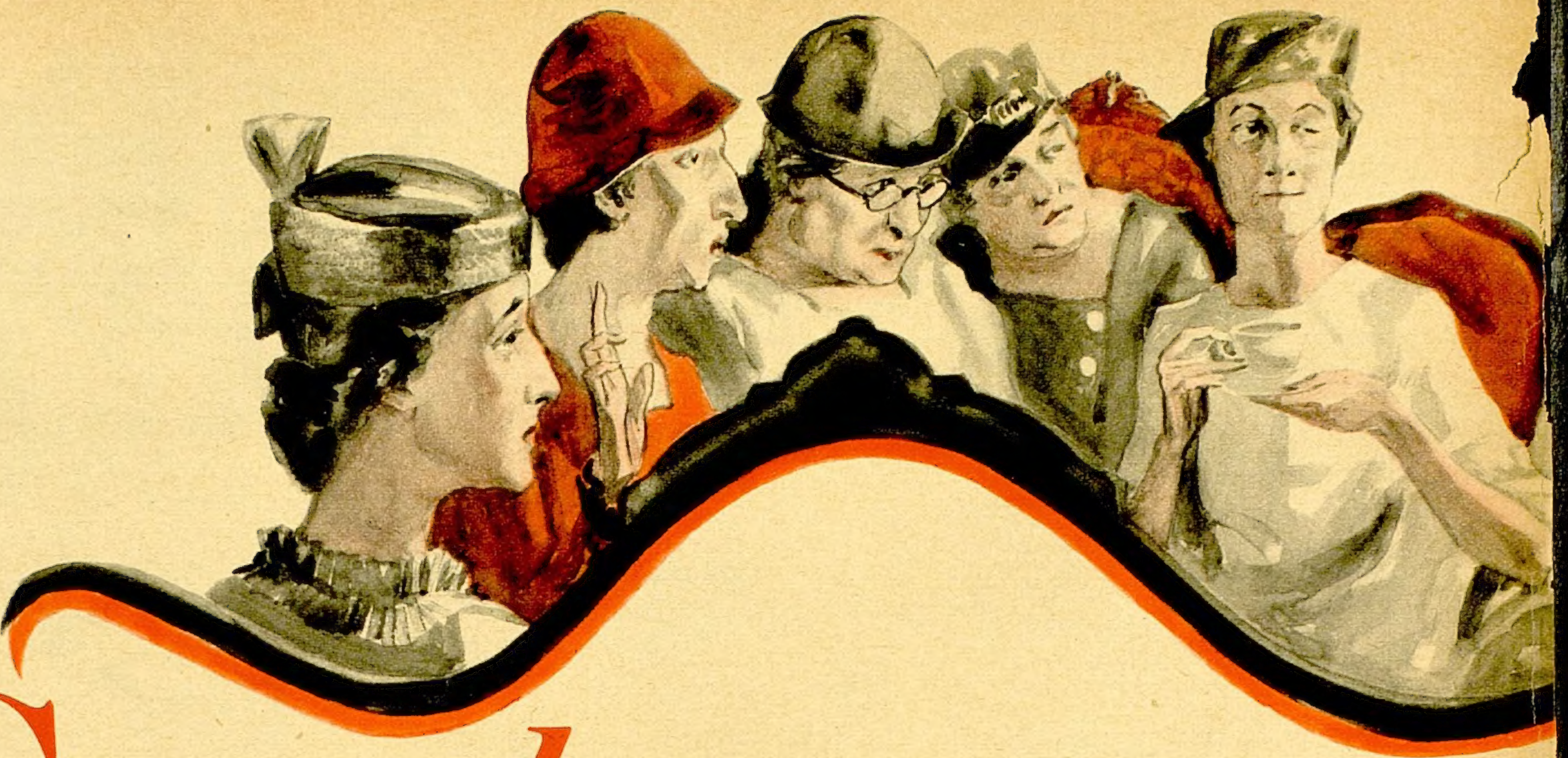
When they met, Sharkey had so much the better of Carnera that another meeting might not draw. Yet it might be a thriller, now that Primo has learned how to punch with his left hand.

One thing that has soured the fans lately is the fashion of handing over the best seats wholesale to the ticket speculators, so that a man who wanted a fifteen-dollar ringside seat had to pay a spec fifty dollars for it. There will be none of that if I can prevent it—and I know I can, and I will. With men of high class fighting for all they are worth, and no gouging by speculators, the good old game is in for a boom.

THE END



The Schmeling-Sharkey fight last year, in which "Der Max" (right) is said to have won everything but the decision.



Scarlet Woman

A Wedding Announcement—Eddie's Declaration—The Ladies' Culture Club—Kurt Weigand Stands By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S GREATEST STORY

(Reading time: 25 minutes 45 seconds.)

HERE is the story of Judith Morgan, who leaves the little country seat of Karnak, a small Southern town, to marry Bill Vernon, leaving behind Eddie Grainger, her childhood sweetheart. Eddie seldom works, preferring to hang around Ernie Rudd's lunch wagon and read poetry. Vernon, about whom little is known, assaults Eddie. On the day he goes away with Judith to be married at the capital the town turns out to see them off, but Eddie does not go to the station, taking up a stand near the tracks and some distance away. As the train pulls out Judith sees him and calls out a frantic "Good-by, Eddie!"

PART TWO—JUDITH'S PREDICAMENT

THE train gathered momentum. Lisbeth Morrow, who would have denied that anything but chance had caused her to be at the station at that particular moment, turned to the portly lady who sat beside her in the back seat of the Morrow sedan.

"Did you hear that, Martha? She called to Eddie Grainger—right out loud. After what happened last week, too. And did you notice, Martha, that Eddie never answered? Never even waved to her. He just stood there like he was carved out of stone."

Three days later, when Mrs. Quincy Morrow—*née* Lisbeth Carey—visited the Karnak State Bank, she received the surprise of her life. Kurt Weigand emerged from his private office and greeted her cordially.

The incident assumed all the importance of a phenomenon. Nobody in the bank—and particularly not its president—was ever more than frigidly polite to Lisbeth, because of the fact that, as the wife of Karnak's most influential citizen, she considered it her prerogative to be perpetually unpleasant. Yet today Kurt came from his office with his lips expanded the merest fraction of an inch into what his intimates regarded as a broad smile.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morrow."

His affability frightened her. Fearing to recognize a truce lest it be a trick, Lisbeth froze. She nodded briefly and demanded to see whoever had taken over Judith Morgan's job.

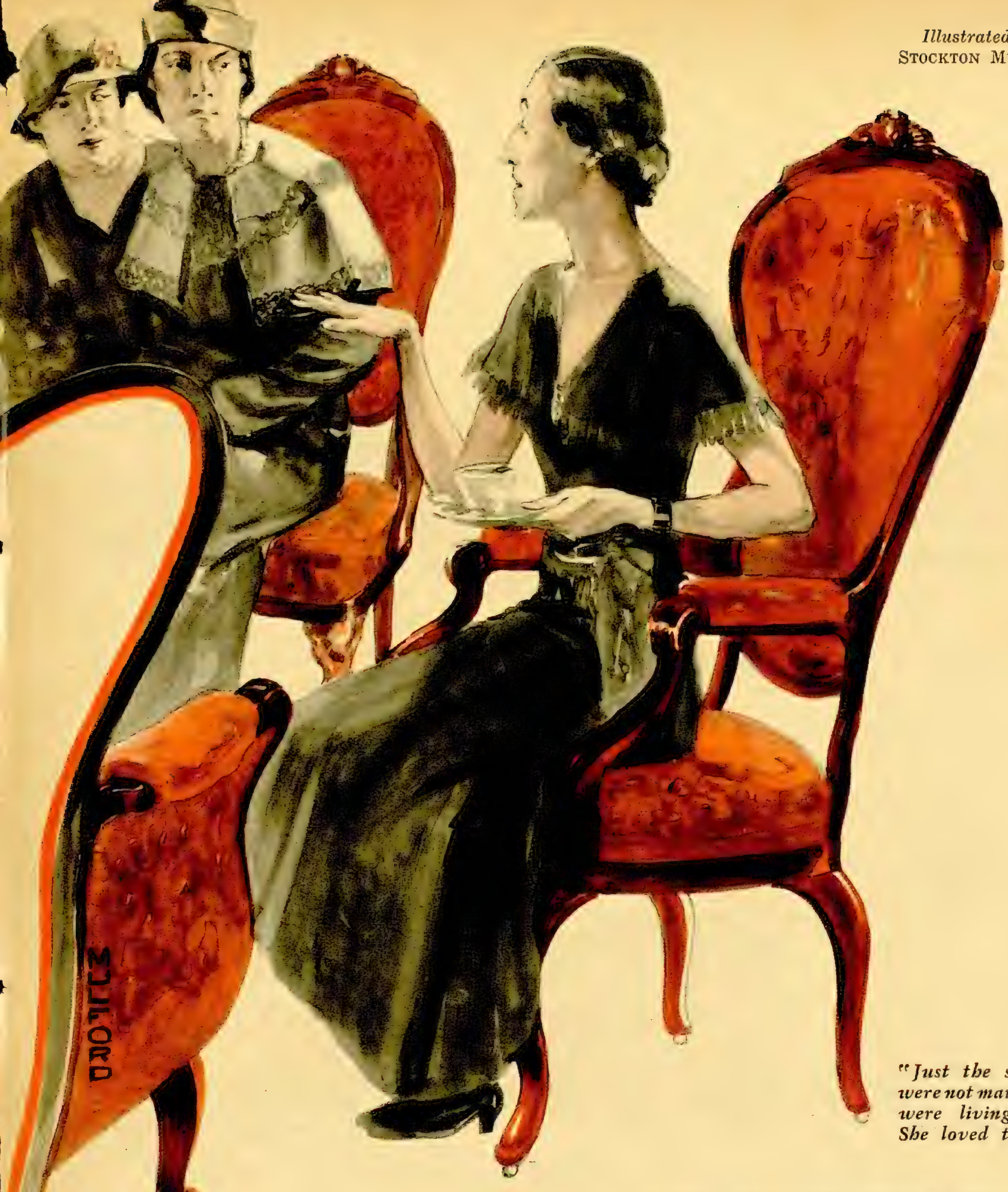
"I'm attending to it myself," lied Kurt. "If there's anything wrong—"

Instinct warned Lisbeth that she would be wise not to bait Weigand too far. So she launched into an argument less bitter than most of her protests, and was astounded to find herself piloted into Kurt's private office. Then the banker made mention of Judith and of how they missed her. He ignored Lisbeth's righteous sniff and continued in an easy conversational tone:

"By the way, I got a letter from her this morning. Maybe you'd like to see it."

Lisbeth's beady eyes sparkled. She inspected the letter from postmark to signature. It was a brief affectionate missive telling Kurt Weigand that she and Bill Vernon had been duly married at the capital and that she was very happy—although already she suspected a

Illustrated by
STOCKTON MULFORD



"Just the same, they were not married. They were living in sin." She loved the phrase.

touch of nostalgia. She inclosed a list of marriage licenses issued—including her own—and a brief clipping from the next day's paper announcing that Miss Judith Morgan of Karnak and Mr. William Vernon of New York had been married by Justice of the Peace Mabry.

"Hmph!" snapped Lisbeth, returning the letter. "It's a surprise to me. It's a wonder he even bothered to marry her."

During the day Kurt exhibited Judith's letter to a half score of other citizens. Then he leaned back in his swivel chair and rubbed the palms of his thin hands together. His extreme affability had proved somewhat trying, but his task was accomplished. Finally and effectively he had stilled all possibility of nasty gossip anent Judith's marital status.

Ten days after Judith's marriage, Ernie Rudd left his place of business and ambled toward Court-House Square. Seated on a bench under a great oak he discovered the person he sought.

"Good morning, Brother Tidball."

BROTHER TIDBALL smiled a greeting and made room for Ernie on the bench beside him.

"Good morning, my son. This day is proof of God's beneficence, don't you think?"

"Yeh," answered Ernie, somewhat embarrassed; "I sholy do."

Brother Tidball was a landmark in Karnak as surely as the Court House itself. Once, in a burst of astonishing erudition and humor, he had described himself as "a minister without portfolio," which was his way of explaining that he was a preacher without a church. The phrase, it was generally conceded, had been culled by the old gentleman from some book or newspaper, and there was dark and well founded suspicion that he didn't have the faintest idea what it really meant.

Brother Tidball was not an educated man. He knew his Bible, and little else. But despite his ignorance in lines educational he had a Christlike quality which endeared him to the town. Even the gross and crude denizens of Lefty Bragan's poolroom dared not affront Brother Tidball. He had been known to enter that noxious dive and lead the pool players in prayer—and without raucous comment. He embarrassed the town loafers, but the old man's ineffable gentleness was something which they could neither understand nor mock.

The town itself was his church and Court-House Square his pulpit. No one knew exactly how he subsisted from day to day; but the town did know that where there was sickness or trouble, where kindly advice or help was needed, there Brother Tidball would be: ignorant, eager, helpful, possessing a deep and genuine religion unhampered by sectarianism and bounded only by the limits of his power to do good in the world.

Despite bad grammar and no education, Brother Tidball knew something of human nature. His life had been lived with feet on the ground. Even in the unrighteous he saw naught but righteousness. His advice, couched in poorly formed sentences, was invariably sound, his power for good inestimable. And so Ernie Rudd, harassed by a personal problem, had come to the old man for guidance.

"It's about Eddie Grainger, Brother Tidball."

The old man smiled. "A fine lad—and clean. His mother and father would be proud of him."

"Yeh. But you're the only person in Karnak that thinks so."

"Except you, Ernie—except you."

"Well, him and me are friends. It's sort of like he was my son, see? And I'm awful worried about him."

"Why?"

Ernie fidgeted uncomfortably. "I'm scared of what might happen around here, Brother Tidball. You know how Eddie is: never harmed nobody in his life, never said a mean thing about nobody, never fought back—"

"He even turned the other cheek to this man Vernon, didn't he?"

"Well, not exactly—but he took an awful sock on the one he did turn. Now, you know this town, Brother Tidball. You know how folks used to think that Eddie and Judith was sweethearts, and then how Eddie got sort of—well, worthless, and wouldn't work or try to get ahead. He never did care what they said about him—except that always when he'd see Judith he'd kind of shy away. Lots of times she tried to make him look at things different—get ambitious, you know. So they ain't been seeing anything of each other—and I thought maybe he really had forgotten her.

"Then this Bill Vernon thing happened. Ever since Judith run off and married that feller, Eddie has been different. He ain't doin' no less than he always done—because that ain't possible; but he don't even seem to care for his books no more—which is plumb unnatural. He just sits and moons. And once in a while he says something bitter, like he never used to do. Last night something happened."

ERNIE'S voice dragged off as though he were exhausted by the effort of such protracted oratory. Brother Tidball touched him on the knee.

"Go ahead, my son. Tell me about it."

"It was last night about ten o'clock. Two of them loafers drifted down from Lefty Bragan's place. They wanted some hamburgers and I went to fix 'em. Eddie Grainger was sitting on a stool at the other end of the counter just a-starin' at the wall.

"Well, these two guys started talkin'. There ain't no use of me tellin' you what they was sayin', because they was swearin' and talkin' dirty. Something was said about Bill Vernon and Judith, and one of these fellers—the big one—got off a nasty remark.

"I'm telling you, Brother Tidball, I got scared! You know Eddie, how quiet he is and calm-looking. Well, that face of his got white as a sheet and he riz up and walked to'rd these two fellers. His eyes was flaming, and if I ever seen a man look murderous it was him. Mind you, a guy that never in all his life fought nobody or even said an unkind thing.

"Before I could say Jack Robinson, Eddie was standin' right in front of them two. He didn't talk loud—he never does. And he only said a few words.

"'If you ever say anything like that again,' he told this feller—'if you ever mention that girl's name in my presence—in any way—I'll kill you!'"

Brother Tidball trembled—partly with emotion, partly with an excitement that was no more than human.

"And what did these evil men say?"

"That's the queer part of it, Brother Tidball. They're tough—see—and I waited for them to get up and bust him. But they took one look at his face." Ernie shook his head helplessly. "They saw he wasn't just talkin', Brother Tidball. And they neither of them said a word. Not a single word."

The kindly old man was disturbed. "And you are afraid, Ernie?"

"Sure. I'm scared. Somebody is sure to make a crack in front of Eddie—and then there'll be a killing. The whole town is gossiping, and he's bound to hear something nasty. You see, Brother Tidball, it's this way. A feller like Bill Vernon can knock Eddie down and Eddie won't do nothin'. But when they talk about Judith—well, that's different. I want your help and your advice. Nobody else wouldn't understand."

Brother Tidball shook his head. "I'll do what I can, Ernie. I'll talk to him—I'm sure he'll let me. And every night I shall pray for him, and for Judith."

THE very choicest bit of gossip cannot last forever. Eventually even Lisbeth Morrow grew weary of speculating about Judith and her husband. The girl was married and had left Karnak. Karnak perforce turned its attention to the things that it could see and understand. For a while it professed a fresh horror at what it was pleased to term the mess Eddie Grainger was making of his life. It was agreed that he definitely was "just a bum."

The newest topic of conversation was the depression. Hard times had descended upon the town. Cotton was threatening to sell at less than production cost; crops were too plentiful and therefore brought starvation prices; labor was a drug on the market; real-estate values were tumbling; and owners of businesses found increasing difficulty in persuading Kurt Weigand that the security they offered was sound.

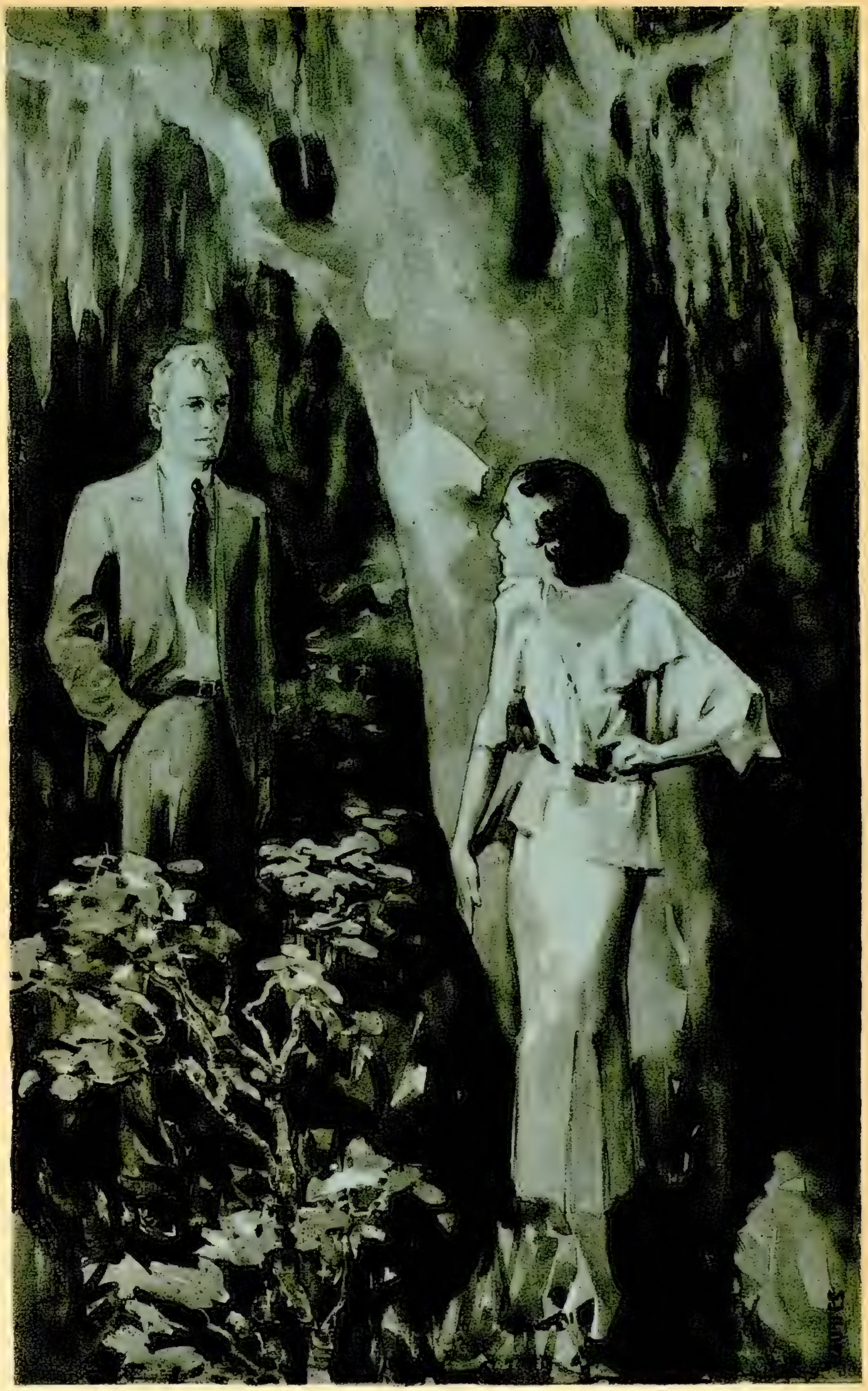
Men came to him with taut drawn faces and confessed that they had been speculating on margin—and more margins were needed. Houses were embellished with fresh mortgages, businesses were pledged as collateral. Karnak closed its eyes to an astounding condition—which was that the Karnak State Bank virtually controlled everything in the county, even the huge Morrow Mills.

The Karnak State Bank was known throughout the state as one of the stanchest financial institutions in the South. Weigand knew banking, he knew his clients, and he was unerring in judgment. He was willing to help where he felt that the help was justified, and he refused point-blank—gruffly even—where he felt that the risk was not sound.

In such cases the seekers after loans found themselves in an embarrassing predicament. They visited the nearest large cities and applied for bank loans—only to be met by the query as to why they strayed thus far from home. When it was discovered that Kurt Weigand had refused to lend, their cases were hopeless.

Depression! Failure! Financial trouble! Judith was a faint memory now—and no one bothered about Eddie Grainger. The town was frightened—and, for the first time since the World War, aware of world conditions. The bank became something more than an impressive and beautiful structure of white stone: it became a symbol of power.

As a matter of fact the town was ripe for something of interest—something that could make it forget the dark clouds overhead. And then it came: suddenly, blazingly, blindingly!



She heard a rustling in the bushes and rose hastily. Eddie came toward her.

Someone in town had a friend who had been a visitor in Karnak at the time of Judith Morgan's marriage; and this friend read an item in her daily paper, clipped it out, and mailed it to Karnak. Special delivery.

As a news item it was of little general importance. To Karnak it was tremendous.

After a trial lasting two days, William T. Vernon, who gave his address as New York, was convicted here yesterday of bigamy and sentenced by Judge Ervin to serve three years in the state penitentiary.

His arrest resulted originally on complaint of his first wife, and at the time he was living in a cheap boarding house with the supposed Mrs. Vernon, whom he had married only six months ago. The second Mrs. Vernon was Miss Judith Morgan of Karnak.

During the trial the prosecution brought out the fact that Vernon had a prison record and was an undesirable character. Miss Morgan was prostrated by the result of the trial, which established the claim of the first wife and proved that she—Miss Morgan—had never really been married to Vernon.

Interviewed after the sentence had been passed, Miss Morgan said that her plans were indefinite, but intimated that she would probably return to her native town of Karnak.

The Ladies' Culture Club was in session:

"Did you hear about Judith Morgan?"

"My dear, I haven't heard anything else for the past two days. Isn't it disgraceful!"

From a mouselike little woman on the sofa: "I feel sorry for the poor girl. She didn't really understand."

"She deserved what she got." This was Mrs. Quincy Morrow talking. "Picking up with a man she didn't know anything about!"

"*You* thought he was a gentleman, didn't you?"

"Certainly I did. So did everybody else. But I was suspicious—very suspicious—when they decided not to have the marriage ceremony in Karnak. It was an indecent way to start: being in such a hurry to marry him that she ran away."

"I reckon she was in love with him."

"In love!" It was a chorus. "Of course she was. He was handsome and attractive—I'm not claiming he wasn't! But that doesn't excuse her for not finding out something about him."

"He seemed like a nice man. And Judith couldn't suspect what he had been. Don't forget that he did marry her."

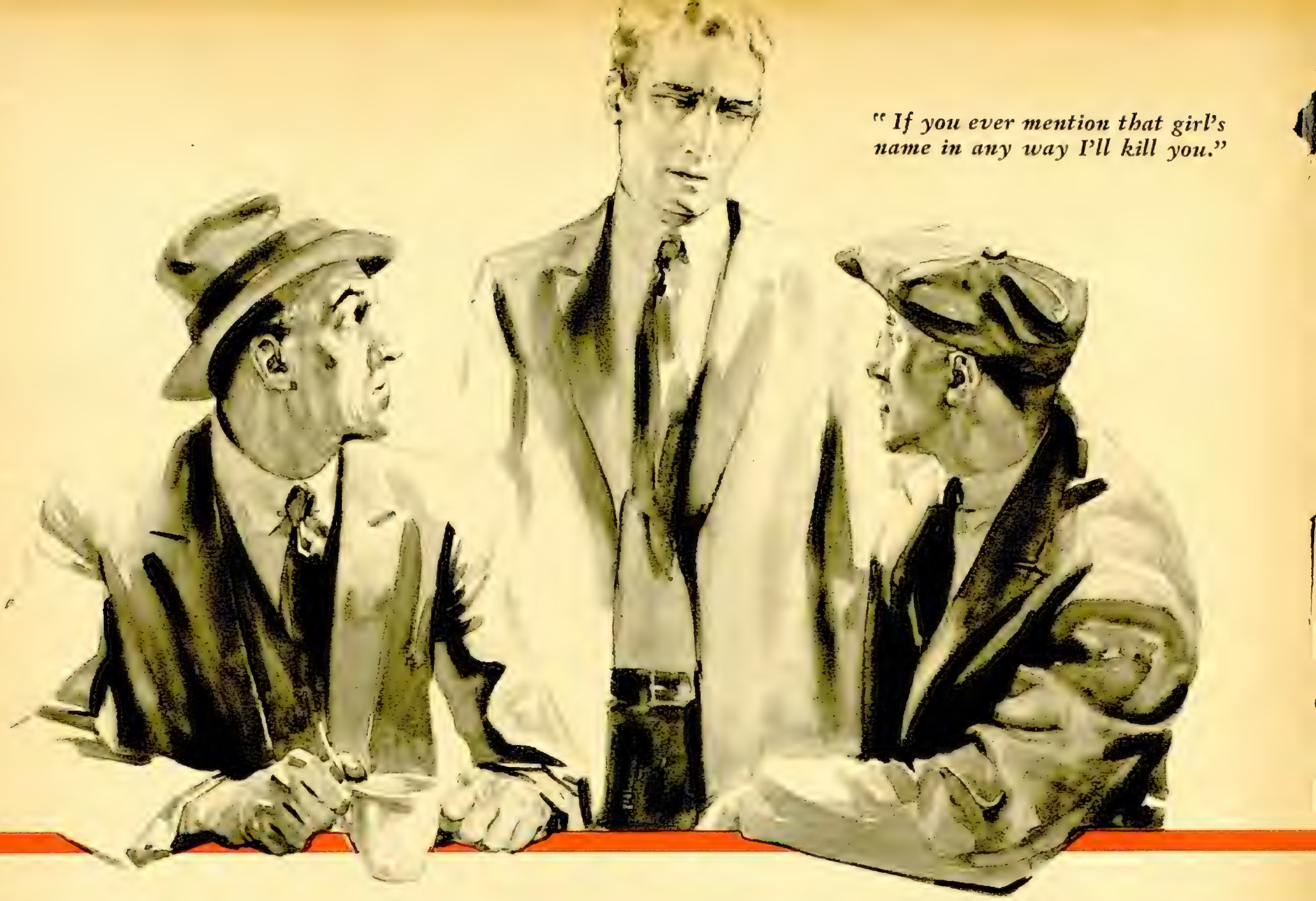
"Just the same, they were *not* married. They were living in sin." She loved the phrase. "They were living in sin. Ignorance isn't any excuse; and I, for one, don't think she should be allowed to return here."

"But where else could she go?"

"Anywhere. Karnak hasn't any place for girls like that."

Miss Branham withdrew from the debate. Her small tired face expressed disapproval, but she was not by nature combative and Lisbeth Morrow was altogether too dynamic for her. Lisbeth talked louder than any of the others, she used grand, mouth-filling phrases, and her satellites indorsed her with incredible enthusiasm.

But there were some who rallied stoutly in protest.



"If you ever mention that girl's name in any way I'll kill you."

Mrs. Lee Haines—christened, for some unaccountable reason, Diana—betrayed no fear of Lisbeth. She was short and fat and far more positive and direct than her physique would have led one to expect.

"Frankly, Lisbeth, I think you have a nasty, cruel mind."

"Oh!" Mrs. Morrow was horrified. "Because I protest against sheltering a fallen woman?"

"Fallen woman! You're a hypocrite! Just a hypocrite! You know perfectly well that Judith Morgan is one of the nicest girls in this town, and always has been. You're jealous of her brains, that's what."

Other ladies, not so boldly outspoken as Diana Haines but equally kind and well meaning, courageously indorsed the views of the pudgy little housewife.

Diana Haines and her friends protested earnestly that Judith's accident—as they persisted in calling it—was not the girl's fault.

They declared, with no little vehemence, that they would be parties to no social boycott. They were fine, decent, charitable women, this group, as typical of Karnak gentility as Lisbeth and her cohorts were typical of the narrowness and meanness of any community, no matter the size.

The quest for culture was forgotten, as it was so often forgotten at the weekly meetings. Unknowingly, Judith had stirred a tempest. She had organized and concentrated the forces of those who were to greet her return with venom.

It was agreed by Lisbeth and her group that Judith was very, very scarlet—a danger and disgrace to any decent, law-abiding community. This clique decided that she was not to be tolerated in Karnak—unless she showed proper contrition. Then, having thus earnestly pursued culture for more than two hours, the meeting adjourned.

But Judith did not show contrition. She stepped from the south-bound local late one afternoon and walked up Court Street alone. One anæmic young citizen called across the street from in front of Lefty Bragan's place: "'Lo, Judith. How's Bill?" Gardner Seebeck, proprietor of the Elite Drug Store, nodded pleasantly: "Howdy, Judith—glad to see you back." Tony Marino stopped her: "You gotta good sense you come back here, Miss Judith. We maka you forget that beega bum."

Tony meant well, and Judith thanked him; but her face was flaming as she quickened her pace toward the bank.

Just a touch here and there: greetings that were kindly, greetings that were hostile, and for the most part greetings that were inspired solely and simply by curiosity. Judith was frightened. The in-betweens would drift with the current. If certain influential factions persisted in censuring her, Judith knew that she would find herself crushed under an avalanche of ill will. The good people of the town would be kind and sympathetic and understanding, but they wouldn't be aggressive in their friendship. Only the restless ones, the uncharitable, like Lisbeth Morrow and her handmaidens, would take action. They would talk loudly and fiercely and constantly.

JUDITH hated it. Her journey of four blocks from the station to the bank seemed interminable. Even in the eyes of those who were most cordial there was a baffled light—an expression of acute embarrassment. She was a marked woman: a woman with a past! She had eloped with a man and gone through a marriage ceremony which was no marriage at all. She had lived with him, loved him. Well, she had loved him at first, anyway. Later—Judith shuddered at the memory of her last two months with Bill Vernon.

But that was done now. Finished. Bill was safely in jail for three years. She was free. She had tried to get work elsewhere, but without success. Banks and other businesses were laying people off, not taking them on. Her life had been spent in Karnak. She had friends there. True, she also had enemies. But elsewhere there was nobody—and no job.

So, in sheer desperation, she returned to Karnak; to the welter of gossip and the wagging of bitter, resentful tongues; to the only home she knew, the only people she knew. To Kurt Weigand and Brother Tidball and the Branhams—who, despite their age, were still referred to as "those Branham girls."

And to Eddie Grainger. . . .

Kurt Weigand focused his beady eyes on her. He spoke harshly:

"Well! What?"

She stared helplessly and spread her hands.

"You told me that I'd learn—and come back, Mr. Weigand. Here I am."

"I see you. Take off your hat and get to work."

Tears filled her eyes. "You mean that?"

"Of course I mean it. I've held your place open."

She hesitated. "I'm afraid your clients won't be very happy to see me here, Mr. Weigand. They'll criticize you for taking me back."

He gave a cackling laugh. "Let 'em. It'll do 'em good."

"You don't know what a friend you are—"

"Not a friend. Sensible, that's all. I need a good confidential secretary. You're the one."

"The town isn't going to be very nice to me, is it?"

"Putrid! Not all of 'em, of course—but vipers like Lisbeth Morrow—they're going to tear the hide off you. The decent folks will be sorry for you, but they'll keep pretty quiet about it. That's the way with decent people: they shut up. You're in for a tough time, young lady—and you deserve it."

She rose and smiled down at him. "You are a very good man, Mr. Weigand."

"Dam' foolishness! Get out of here. You're way behind in your work." . . .

Three weeks later Quincy Morrow seated himself in Kurt Weigand's private office. He was a fine, handsome man, slightly more than sixty years of age; tall, erect, broad-shouldered, and with clear, straight, honest gray eyes. He waited, but not long. Weigand's voice crackled:

"This thing is disgraceful, Morrow. It's got to stop, and stop quick."

Morrow was too honest to pretend that he did not understand.

"You mean this gossip about Judith Morgan?"

"I mean exactly that. She's a fine girl who's had an unfortunate experience. She belongs to this town—and she's going to stay here. A certain bunch of cats are yowling at her, treating her like an immoral woman. The poison is spreading. And it can be stopped."

"Yes?" Quincy Morrow waited patiently.

"Make your wife keep her mouth shut. Lisbeth is at the bottom of this—or, even if she isn't, she can stop it. Her voice speaks for half the prominent women in this town. The others are only echoes. I've watched this thing grow ever since Judith came back three weeks ago. It's getting worse. I'm telling you that you've got to make Lisbeth call off her pack of hounds."

A smile—a harassed, gentle smile—briefly touched Morrow's lips.

"You know nobody can do anything with Lisbeth."

"Do I? Well, I don't know anything of the sort. I'm telling you, you must."

"And if I cannot?"

"Don't drive me, Morrow. This bank can take over your mills at any time it chooses."

THE face of the big man flushed. "That's rather hitting below the belt, isn't it, Weigand? Using your power as banker to settle a social question?"

"Words! I'm not quibbling with you. I'm not even trying to be polite. You're not a bad sort yourself, but your wife is poisonous. I'll take any course I must to compel a fair deal for Judith Morgan."

Quincy Morrow shook his head. "Perhaps you're right, at that. She's a fine girl and I like her. I think she is getting a rotten break—and I agree that it is mostly Lisbeth's fault. I'll do my best, but I know in advance that my best won't be enough. You've set me an impossible task. I've argued with Lisbeth—"

"Go home and argue some more. Tell her if she keeps it up she'll be a pauper. Maybe that will whip her into line."

"It won't," sighed Morrow. "She wouldn't even understand what I was talking about." . . .

Brother Tidball stopped Judith as she was walking across Court-House Square. His benign face was wreathed in a friendly smile.

"Good evening, my daughter."

"Good evening, Brother Tidball."

"I would like to talk with you a moment. Won't you sit down?"

He talked long and earnestly. He exhorted her to greater effort; he cited Biblical precedent as proof that she had not sinned beyond hope of redemption. Judith sat stiff and motionless, her face crimson, reluctant to hurt the feelings of the fine old man.

Mrs. Lisbeth Morrow drove past with two of her best friends.

"There's Brother Tidball praying for Judith Morgan," announced the town's foremost matron. "She needs it!"

SUNDAY morning. And because all Karnak, or almost all, was in church, Judith walked toward the river.

For weeks she had attended church every Sunday morning. She had attracted more attention than the sermon—somewhat to the resentment of the good pastor—and had sat in her pew, acutely conscious of twisting necks and eager eyes, her face flaming, her body taut.

Several well meaning persons had attempted, somewhat awkwardly, to show that they did not share the bitter and groundless persecution to which she was being subjected. But their best efforts proved, for the greater part, to be boomerangs. They overdid their offers of companionship.

They were too obvious about it—so that it looked as though they were apologizing for her. Their attitude was courageous and apologetic. They flayed Judith with their kindness.

Only Kurt Weigand's gruff friendship had kept her in Karnak; that and a bitterness of soul which increased daily—a fierce, gnawing desire to pay the town back for its merciless injustice. She had been a victim of circumstance, perhaps a trifle headstrong and impulsive, but certainly innocent of any intention more unworthy than to exact some pleasure from life.

It wasn't that women of the Lisbeth Morrow type shunned her. Rather the reverse was true. They sought her on all occasions—dropping significant and cruel remarks and eagerly noting her reactions so that they might report in due course to others of the clique. She was too much in demand rather than too little. She was a queer, exotic creature—a woman with a past, a woman of experience: a bad woman.

Some good women—notably Diana Haines—had been friendly and considerate. Diana even offered her a home. But she refused, feeling that it was unfair thus to munition Diana's enemies.

And because church had become an unbearable ordeal, Judith Morgan walked through the fringe of Four Holes Swamp and seated herself on a little promontory jutting out into the languid, sluggish, reddish waters of the Catbill River.

A venerable water oak shaded her protectively with its gnarled branches from which hung majestic bunches of Spanish moss. The stream murmured gentle greeting as it flowed past her feet.

All about her was supreme quiet; she was surrounded by beauty and tranquillity.

From where she sat she could enjoy the lush vegetation on the river bank: the purple watch and primroses; the bays and wild Cape jasmine; the redbud and dogwood; the giant oaks and graceful willows and the birches, the sweet gums, the sycamore and cypress trees.

After all, Karnak was her home—the only home she had ever known. There had been the brief bitter months with Bill Vernon—a mad dashing from one city to another, fantastic moments of wild passion and long hours of unkindness which at times amounted to brutality. She preferred not to think of her life with Vernon. It was a memory better erased.

She heard a rustling in the bushes and rose hastily. Eddie Grainger came toward her.

"I thought I'd find you here, Judith."

In next week's installment you will learn what Eddie proposes to Judith in their meeting beneath the old oak.

The Potters Get Away from It All

And Pa Makes a Few of Those Springtime Promises About a Garden

By J. P. McEVOY

Picture by
J. H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 8 minutes 10 seconds.)

PROLOGUE

At first you might think a Japanese earthquake had been calling. And then, looking closer, you could imagine Lupe Velez had been there and didn't like somebody. But you would be wrong on both counts. This madhouse is on good American soil, this madwoman is Ma Potter, and what you see is nothing more or less than the Potters packing up their Lares and Penates (furniture and dishes to you).

This is a migration. This is Grass and Chang and Bring 'Em Back Alive. These are the Potters Going Out. Out of the city into a strange new land. Suburbia. How are they going to like it? How are they going to live out there in the fresh air, when for years they have staggered around in the city where every breath is reconditioned? They will probably get all suffused with ozone and vitamins and succumb to an attack of good health.

SCENE—*The Potter Living Room*

MA: Now suppose you pack the books, Pa. You never want me to touch them.

PA: You can touch them now. It's all right. You go ahead and pack them. You know so much more about packing than I do!

MA: I know much more about everything than you do —and that isn't saying much.

PA: How such a smart woman could live all these years with such a dumb man!

MA: My very words.

PA: You should have a medal. A big medal saying, For Distinguished Service to Home and Country.

MA: Get up off that chair and take down these pictures.

PA: How'll I reach them?

MA: Get a ladder.

PA: Where is it?

MA: Oh, for God's sake, never mind. *(Climbs on chair and takes down picture.)*

PA: *(Settling back with magazine he has just discovered among the books.)* Funny. I never saw this before. Where did you hide this magazine?

MA: Look here, Pa, I thought you were staying home to help me. And what are you doing?

PA: Helping you.

MA: A lot of help you are! Reading all those old magazines and letting me do the work.

PA: I'm catching up with my education. Here's an article that explains about the gold standard.

MA: What's the use of that? You haven't any gold.

PA: I might have some day. This sort of thing can't last forever. You'll see. We've got a President in the White House who does things.

MA: I wish it was contagious. I wish I had somebody in this house who could do things.

PA: I can do things. But I can't roll rugs—at least not to satisfy you. Or pack dishes either.

MA: Or books or clothes or anything else. I've got to do all the work! Well, I knew it would be that way. "Don't worry about moving," says you. "I'll help you," says you. "You don't have to get anybody and spend all that money. No, no," says you. "I'll stay home one day and do more work than you will in a week." Says you!

PA: Where do you want this picture?

MA: On the table.

PA: Which table?

MA: *That table. That one.* Here, let me have it—I'll put it over there myself.

PA: Oh, that's the table you meant. Well, well, well. And all the time you were pointing at this one.

MA: Well, I meant that one. I guess I know what I meant.

PA: *(Continues packing books, gingerly picking up each one, looking through it, and occasionally stopping to read whole pages.)* Ho, ho, ho! This is funny. Lookit this picture. Remember when you used to wear clothes like this?

MA: Well, you didn't think it was so funny then.

PA: I was so young and you were so beautiful.

MA: Why, Pa, how sweet! Did you really think so?

PA: Oh, that 's just a song: "I was so young and you were so beautiful—ta-da da-dee dah." Ho, ho, ho, this is funny. Listen to this: "The bicycle built for two is coming back. Soon the roads will be thronged with happy couples pedaling away for dear life. Lovers and sweethearts, husbands and wives—" Ho, ho, ho!

MA: Well, what's so funny about that?

PA: I was trying to imagine us on a bicycle built for two. Ha, ha, ha, I'm dying. I have a stitch in my side.

MA: If you don't give me a hand with this work I'll stitch you! Go on into the bedroom and pick out the clothes you want to take.

PA: Waddye mean pick out? I'm going to take them all. Both shirts.

MA: Don't try to be funny. You know what I mean. I'll go in with you.

PA: *(Following and grumbling.)* You leave my clothes alone. I know what you mean!

MA: Look at that, for instance. *("That" is Pa's ancient blue serge, which shines all over like the seat of a bookkeeper's pants.)*

PA: *(Unhappily.)* Well, what's the matter with it? There's a lot of good wear in that.

MA: I'm going to give it to some relief station, that's what I'm going to do.

PA: Well, don't forget to take down the address, because I'll be over there eventually.

MA: Here. And these shoes too.

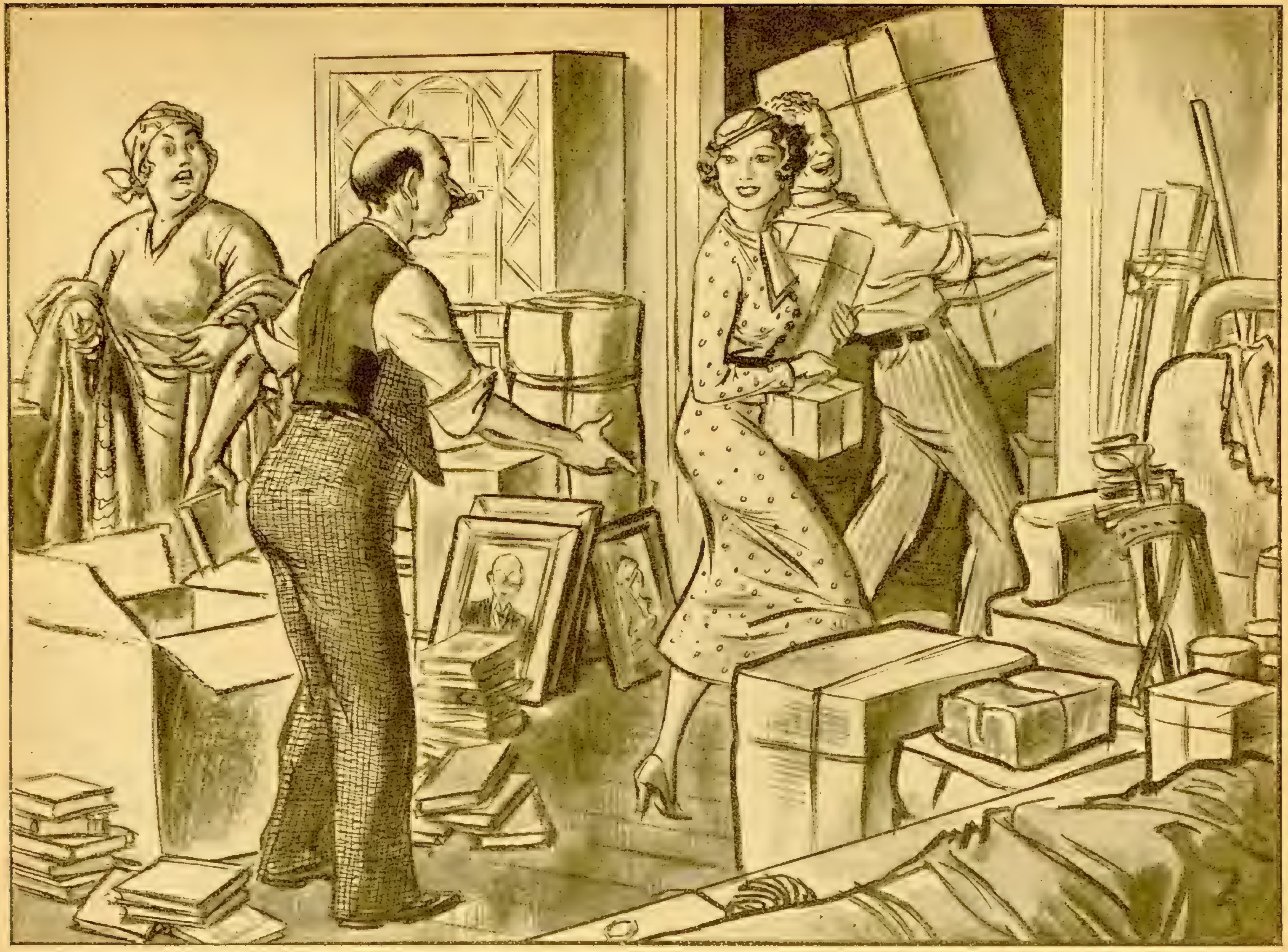
PA: *What?* Those shoes? There's nothing the matter with those. I can wear them in the garden.

MA: Don't make me laugh. All the gardening you'll do! Maybe you're going to plant these shoes.

PA: Say, I made gardens before I ever met you. And good ones, too.

MA: You seem to have done all your best work before you met me.

PA: A coincidence, huh?



Ma: What do you mean by that remark?

Pa: *(Innocently.)* Oh, nothing. *Hey!* Don't throw those pants away.

Ma: Don't tell me you're going to garden in those too. You'll have the vice squad down on you. *(Chuckling.)* Gardening! You couldn't raise anything, unless it might be corn—on your feet.

Pa: Well, you get married and smash your own things for a change.

Pa: I'll have you know I was brought up in the country. I followed a mule team in new ground when I couldn't chin the plow handles.

Ma: You've done plenty of chinning since. That's the way you'll garden this spring, I'll venture. With your chin.

Pa: Just for that I'll make a garden that will be the pride of the countryside. Yes, sir! All our fresh vegetables. You won't have to buy a thing. Every morning, before I go to the office, I will be out there working in my garden, and in the evening after I come back.

Ma: And sit and smoke and watch the weeds grow. I can tell you there's only one thing we'll ever eat out of any garden of your raising.

Pa: Oh, yeah?

Ma: One thing. Dandelion greens. And they grow wild.

Pa: Which reminds me. Maybe we'll have enough dandelions on the place to make dandelion wine.

Ma: Say, look there. That's the second time I've thrown that old coat out and you keep putting it back. You get out of here and finish packing those books! Red will be here with the truck any minute.

Pa: Here he is now, out front. And Mamie's riding with him. What in the world she can see in that guy—

Mamie: *(Breezing in.)* Ma, I got Red to take the day off and help us. He borrowed the biggest truck in the garage, too. Isn't he sweet? What do we snake out of here first? Why, I thought you were going to have everything packed!

Pa: And we would, too, if your Ma had packed more and talked less.

Ma: *(Speechless.)* Well, I—I'll be—well!

Red: 'Lo, Ma. *(Slaps Pa.)* 'Lo, Pa.

Pa: Don't Pa me!

Red: *(Breezily.)* You might just as well get used to it. Let's rustle some of this junk outta here and get going. How about this?

Ma: Wait a minute. That goes on top.

Red: On toppa what?

Mamie: What difference does it make where it goes? The worst that could happen to it would be to smash, and then we could get a new one.

Pa: Oh, we could, could we? Well, you get married and smash your own things for a change.

Mamie: Well, I won't smash 'em moving out to the sticks, that's one sure thing.

(And more of this—much more—as Pa and Red carry out the heavy pieces while Ma and Mamie continue packing. Soon the first truckload is ready, and Mamie climbs up on the front seat with Red.)

Ma: I don't see why you can't stay and help me.

Mamie: But, Ma, I've got to show Red the way. He could never find the house out in that God-forsaken place we're moving to. Could you, Red?

Red: Why, certainly. *(Mamie kicks him.)* Certainly not!

Mamie: You see?

Ma: Well, you hurry right back for another load. Don't dilly-dally on the way.

Red: We wouldn't think of it, Ma. There's not a dilly, much less a dally, in a truckload. How's that, Mamie?

Mamie: Lousy! S'long, Ma. Giddap, Red.

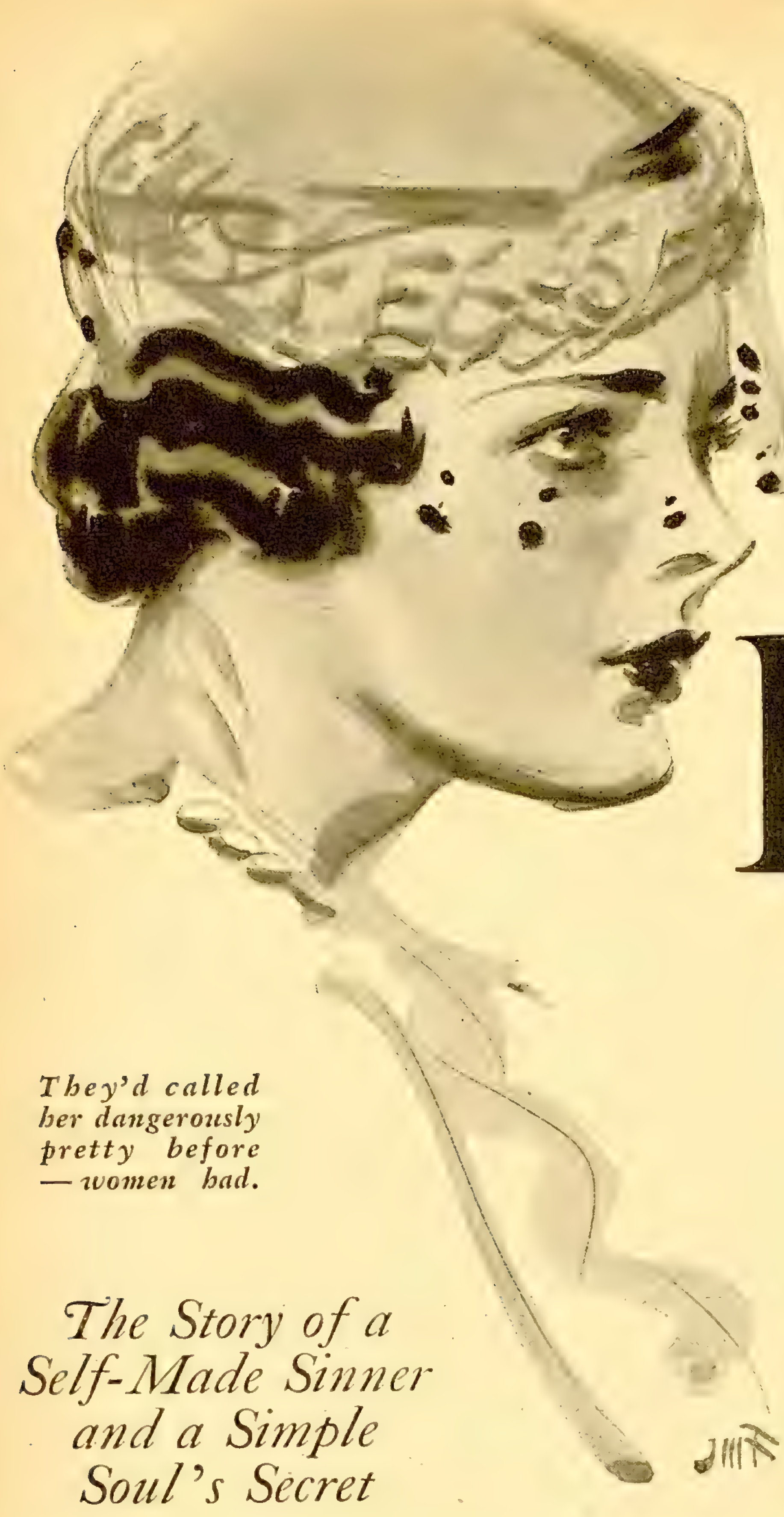
(Ma watches them disappear in the traffic and then sadly goes back to Pa and the packing.)

Further adventures of the Potters will appear in an early issue.

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Pretty *and* Dang

Illustrated by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



They'd called her dangerously pretty before —women had.

The Story of a Self-Made Sinner and a Simple Soul's Secret

(Reading time: 15 minutes 8 seconds.)

THE sudden reappearance of Tony Polto in Coventry, Massachusetts, brought to that staid old village a shudder and a thrill. It was five thirty of an Indian-summer afternoon in November. His famous limousine with the golden eagle on the radiator cap pulled up at first opposite Miss Wampole's store. A swarthy man with a bulge in his coat under the left shoulder slipped down from the driver's seat and looked quickly ahead and about. Two other men emerged from the rear doors—one covering the sidewalk, the other dropping behind. But the car slid ahead half a square, the bodyguard walking with it, to a better parking place in front of the bank.

There Tony himself stepped out—tall, remarkably handsome in his Italian way, dressed with the easy perfection of a Prince of Wales, and tossing a heart-warming grin about the circle of boys (they must have popped out of the pavement), one of whom had dared to pipe up a breathless "Hi-ya, Tony!" Their excited, adoring eyes pleased him, of course.

He'd lived years back in the crowded little Italian colony beyond the tracks. He'd worked summers here and there among the stores—two summers, indeed, at Miss Wampole's. He'd been a high-school hero, captaining football, baseball, and basketball teams (a born leader, that Polto boy!). And now, at thirty-three, he was Public Enemy Number One in the northeastern states and a name to swear by from coast to coast.

The sign over the dingy front of Miss Wampole's store bore the single word SMALLWARES—meaning stationery and books and sewing materials and potted flowers and locally made candies and bright-colored chinaware and toys and handiwork on consignment. It was, like its kindly white-haired proprietor, a village institution.

Louise Bradfield, Miss Wampole's niece, was in the front of the store drawing down the shades over the narrow show windows. She saw that limousine.

In the rear, behind a screen, Miss Wampole was sipping the last of her daily cup of tea. It was back there that she entertained her friends and absorbed every last detail of the village gossip, though never contributing herself. There was a bay window (now wide open) with a broad seat. Just below flowed the old mill stream, nearly filling its bricked-up banks and disappearing into a culvert beneath the building. From there it ran on, under the street and under Lundquist's Fancy Grocery Store opposite, to the river a few hundred yards away. Sometimes at twilight, sitting in the window, she could see the trout jumping down there.

At the present moment a sudden memory disturbed her reverie. Setting down her cup, she looked through her shopping bag. "Lou-ise!" she called. "Lou-ise dear! Stop in at the drug store on your way and ask George Thompson to put up a box of my sulphonal tablets, that's a good girl. My word, but I'll be glad when I get back my natural sleep. Oh, no! Don't! I've got some right here in my desk." From a stuffed-up pigeonhole she drew a pill box and opened it. Eight, nine pills. Plenty.

She looked up as Louise came almost running back through the store. Only nineteen, she was to marry young Harry Elder in February. They'd called her dangerously pretty before this—the women had. She had really blue-black hair, violet eyes, and a perfectly oval face. And who was to blame her for all that? thought Miss Wampole. She'd had no say in the business. An honest girl, naïve, impulsive, generous—a darling, simply.

But she'd been crying, or was about to.

"My dear child—" Thus her quickly, gently responsive aunt. "What on earth's the matter?"

"It's Tony. He's out there. Tony Polto!"

"Really? He has dared come to Coventry?"

Louise nodded. "He's come for me. I know! He called me up this morning."

Miss Wampole considered this remarkable announcement in her somewhat bland manner, then deliberately refilled her cup.

She'd recognized the strange look in the blue-black eyes for what it was—fright.

"You don't mean to tell me that he's still after you?"

Louise nodded unhappily. "He has never let up. I haven't talked, but—oh, you don't know! I've had to send back money, big checks, and presents—platinum and diamonds and all. You don't know! Mother and I have felt that he'd get tired, but—"

"Does Harry know?"

Louise shook her head quickly. "I simply haven't dared tell him, Aunt Nettie. It seemed dangerous. Harry'd go wild. And you can't tell what a man like Tony might do."

"See here, my dear," said Miss Wampole soothingly. "You just put on your things and go straight home. After all, he can't kidnap you. Not here in Coventry."

"But he can! That's what he—" The tears came.

Miss Wampole considered. She was an intensely practical and decisive little woman, for all her sixty-eight years and her gentle ways.

Louise sobbed out: "He's got his bodyguard with him—and his—"

Miss Wampole reached for the telephone and called, "Coventry Number One." Then, in a moment: "Is Chief O'Neill there? . . . Hello, Jim! . . . Jim, Tony Polto is in town. . . . Oh, you know? . . . He has been pestering Louise Bradfield, my niece. . . . Oh, you know about that?"

The girl broke in: "Mother talked with him—in August—when Tony got threatening."

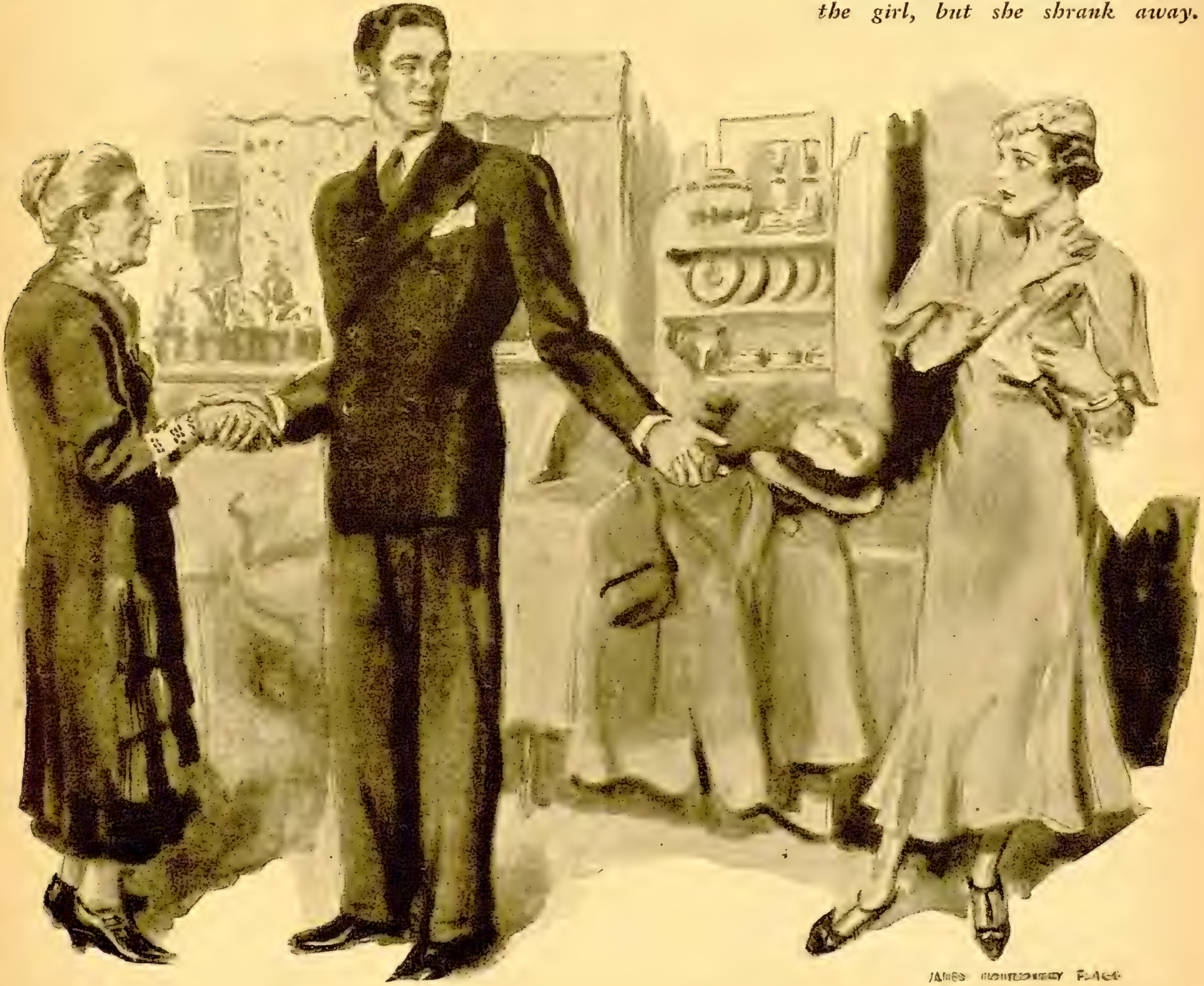
Miss Wampole nodded and resumed: "Listen, Jim! Will you, yourself, come right over and see Louise home? . . . Thanks! I felt sure you would."

The front door opened and closed. A light step sounded through the store. A resonant voice called cheerily, "Hello, Miss Wampole! Hello-'ello!" And then Tony Polto stood smiling by the screen.

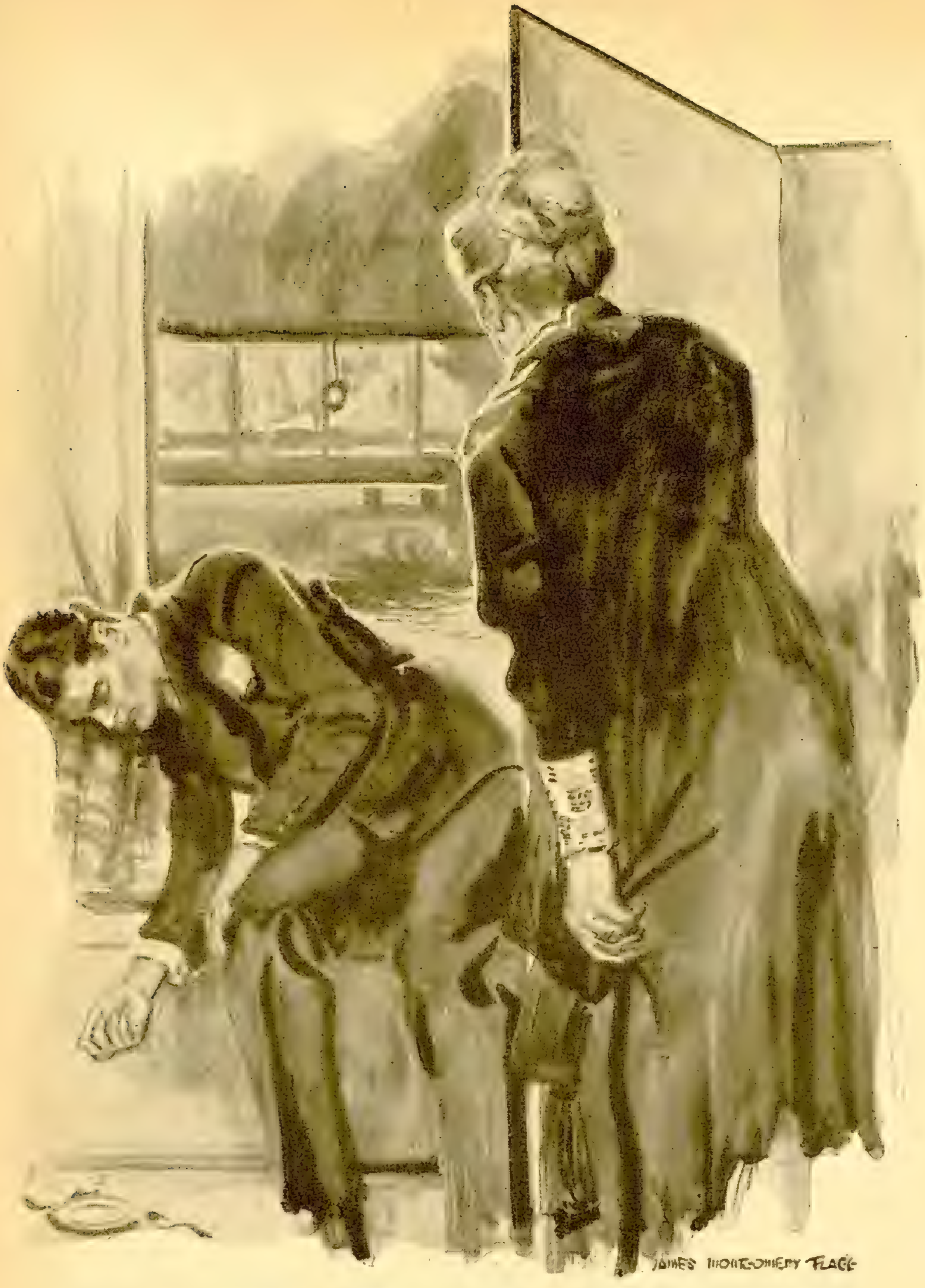
Louise, who had been hurriedly composing herself, stood motionless. But Miss Wampole, completely herself, rose and grasped his outstretched hand. He extended his left hand toward the girl, but she shrank away.

"Well, well, Tony!" said Miss Wam-

erous



He extended his left hand toward the girl, but she shrank away.



His head sagged. His eyes closed. He slipped sidewise.

pole pleasantly. "It has been a long time. My word, I don't believe I've seen you—"

"It's twelve years, Miss Wampole. Twelve years this fall. What do you know! I've thought a lot about looking in on the old place and seeing my old friends, but—" He spread his long graceful arms. "You know how it is. I was years in New York and Chicago. The boxing and pro football business had me on the jump for years. Then my responsibilities grew. Too busy to think. But, anyway, here I am. How're you, Louise? Lovelier than ever! It doesn't take much in the way of eyes to get that."

His own bright brown eyes swept back over the dim store.

"Closing-up time, eh? I got here just under the wire, didn't I?" He chuckled. "How natural everything looks! And, boy, how I used to hate dusting those shelves! I'll own up, Miss Wampole, I never did that dusting right. Never touched the darker places."

Miss Wampole sniffed. "I knew, Tony. I knew."

"Sure! You must have."

"But, just the same, you were the best boy I ever had here. I've missed you, Tony, all these years. You weren't really lazy and you never were stupid. I never had to tell you anything twice."

"Well, well!" laughed the Italian. "That's a real recommendation."

The front door opened and closed and a firm step came through the store.

"A late customer, eh?" Tony turned to the girl, who was now putting on her coat and hat. "If you're going home, Louise, I'll step along with you. Going that way myself."

"As it happens, Tony, I'm here for the purpose of seeing Miss Bradfield home."

It was Chief O'Neill speaking—a smart figure of a man in his long blue coat and gilt buttons and the gold shield on his cap. He was as tall as Tony and looked quite as sure of himself.

"Cut me out, eh? Well, well!"

FOR a moment the eyes of the two men met squarely. Tony's grin was charming as he gripped the chief's hand. "Well, well, Jim, it's sure great to see you again! Don't you look swell, though, in your new uniform! I've often wondered why you didn't keep up your football, Jim. You had it in you to be one of the best interfering backs in the country."

"I always enjoyed football," said O'Neill modestly.

"Matter of fact, old-timer," Tony went on in his easy, friendly way, "I've had you on my mind lately."

"Me, Tony? That was good of you. Ready, Miss Bradfield?"

Tony spoke again:

"Yeah. Look here, Jim. I need a good man in my business. And I don't know a better man than you. I don't mind saying that the day you come in with me I'll put fifty thousand in the bank for you. I'll put you in the way of making half a million a year. Better think it over!"

"That's certainly a sizable offer, Tony," smiled the chief. "Too bad I'm so busy right now. All set, Miss Bradfield? Good night, Miss Wampole. Nice to have seen you, Tony. So long!"

They went out.

"Sit down, Tony," said Miss Wampole. "I want to have a little visit with you."

"Well—" He took the window seat and looked down at the dark and dimpling stream. "I haven't much time, but—" Again that friendly grin. "Tell you one little thing I bet you don't know, Miss Wampole. I used to fish right out of this window. Mostly when you were out to lunch."

"Really!" The old lady smiled. "What a young devil you were! Ever catch any?"

"Once. An eight-inch German brown trout. I wrapped it up in a newspaper and got Joe Sidley to keep it in the ice box at Thompson's. Right under the soda fountain. What's become of Joe, by the way?"

"Joe Sidley? He drifted off years ago. Went out West, I think." Miss Wampole knit her brows. "Tony, I'm going to speak plainly. You've got to stop annoying Louise."

For a moment the full brown eyes considered her. And meeting his look firmly, she reflected that this young man might well be dangerous to any impressionable girl. There was such an air of cool command about him. Perhaps the little problem wasn't going to be easy, count as she might on her old-time influence over him. But he smiled.

"Oh, come, Miss Wampole, a man's got a right to lose his head over a pretty girl, hasn't he?"

She considered. "That isn't just the way of it, I'm afraid, Tony. You see, I know the whole story. We may as well be frank about it."

He was graver now. To her the situation approached the fantastic. This famous and infamous king of racketeers sat there on her window seat looking like the most eligible of young men. She couldn't help feeling his charm. But she felt more than that. He appeared to have, as well, sincerity. Even dignity. She had heard the talk about him for years. She knew that he had ruthlessly shot his way to the top of the underworld. Where had the law been during all this? What was the matter with the United States of America? She passed a momentarily unsteady hand across her eyes.

He was speaking—quietly: "Been talking, has she?"

"To me. Naturally, Tony. She is my niece."

"I'll bet she hasn't told how she gave me the run-around last spring in New York. She just didn't play the game, that kid."

Miss Wampole nodded firmly. "Now listen, Tony. It was her first visit in New York. Naturally she was excited. She happened to meet you, and when you took to inviting her out it was natural enough that she should be fascinated for a little while. But she couldn't go on. She's a good girl. She came to her senses. Honestly, Tony, how could she?"

"You mean because I'm in the racket?"

"I mean exactly that. A girl like Louise could never share your life."

"OH, yes, she could!" She caught a glimpse now of the iron in the man. "I guess this is just a little over your head, Miss Wampole. I'm perfectly willing to marry her. And I've got an even million dollars to settle on her. I'll make her like it, believe me!"

Miss Wampole caught her breath but pressed on: "Don't you realize that she is going to be married this winter?"

"Oh—that!" He snapped his fingers.

"But—but, Tony, doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing. I can be as frank as you can. A girl of that age doesn't know what she wants. I tell you I'm going to make her like it. She's going to be rich. She can have anything she wants. Anything! And it's no good telling me that that doesn't make a difference. Believe me, it does."

She studied him. She wasn't afraid. The Yankee strain in her was adamant. "But you are a criminal, Tony."

He grinned. "Who isn't—really—in this comic country?"

"You've been threatening her."

He nodded. "If you insist on putting it that way."

"But that's the way it is. You've threatened to kidnap her. It's ridiculous, of course."

"No, it's not ridiculous."

"For *run-down* feeling I advise Fresh Yeast"

declares the famous German physiologist
DR. EDGAR ATZLER

"Yeast has an extraordinary effect," says Dr. Atzler

DR. ATZLER is director of the celebrated Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Dortmund, Germany. He explains:

"Every day wastes form in the body. When the intestines do not function properly, these wastes stagnate and . . . poisons collect. *These poisons undermine vitality.*"

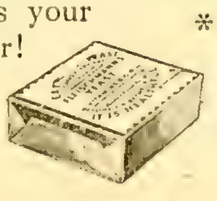
He then adds:—

"Constipation can be permanently overcome by treatment with a corrective food such as fresh yeast . . . Yeast has extraordinary power to restore normal peristalsis (bowel action). It softens the wastes so the body can dispose of them easily. It increases the flow of gastric juice.

"Patients regain a fresh, healthy appearance and happier mental outlook from the stimulating effect of yeast on metabolism."

Not a medicine, Fleischmann's Yeast actually *tones you up* internally. And as your body is gently cleansed of poisons your energy soon picks up. You're healthier!

Why don't *you* try Fleischmann's Yeast? Just eat 3 cakes each day. Directions are printed on the label.



"My case is a good example,"
writes Miss Eileen Tinker

"I'd been working hard and didn't have much time for exercise," *writes* **Eileen Tinker,** ***Detroit, Mich.*** **"I began to be bothered with constipation—felt dull and languid. And my complexion showed the signs.**

"As I couldn't take strong laxatives, I determined to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In less than three weeks it cleared the impurities out of my system. My skin cleared up, too . . . Everyone should know the help yeast* can be!"

* **IMPORTANT!** Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

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"You mean that, Tony? You mean that you would?"

"I mean that I'm going to. Tonight." He chuckled. "You'd better try to get this straight. You see, you can't stop me. Jim O'Neill can't. Nobody can. I'm in the habit of getting what I go after."

"Tony!"

"I don't mind having this little chat with you, Miss Wampole. It may clear the air."

"You'd better think it over, Tony. Think deeper. Maybe there's a little law left in the land."

"No, not very much. I can see that you don't understand. Remember, there are no witnesses to this little conversation. You couldn't prove a thing."

"But you've been seen, you and your armed bodyguard. By morning the whole town will know you've been here. How on earth can you expect to—to get around all that?"

He waved an expressive hand. "Easily. No one will make any trouble. I'd be sorry for them if they did. But they won't. We do all these things pretty smoothly nowadays. When Louise leaves Coventry tonight she won't even be in my limousine. See? I don't appear in the thing at all. There isn't a living being who could pin a thing on me. All I have to do is give a nod to the right man. They're waiting right now for that signal. My organization is perfect."

"You mean that you have another car out here, and more men?"

"We won't go into that. It will be very smoothly done. They can't stop it. You may as well make up your mind to that, Miss Wampole. I came out here to get that girl, and I'm certainly going to get her!"

"Then—I want to speak fairly, Tony—I shall certainly put the law right on your heels."

"Sorry I can't make you see it as it is. They can't touch me. Probably you won't know what I mean when I tell you that I'm a hundred per cent protected in New England."

"Protected?"

He nodded amiably, patiently. "If you knew how many public officials are on my payroll you wouldn't wonder. And both of the party organizations. You see, I need them and they need me. It's dead open and shut. Works both ways. If I should ever open up and show the world what I've got against all these people, it would just about blow up the country. It costs a good many millions a year, but it's worth every penny of it. No, ma'am! They can't touch me. They wouldn't dare. And that's the plain truth of it."

At last Miss Wampole saw even more than the iron in the man: she saw pride, and an appalling arrogance. And unquestionable, assured power. In his eyes she saw these things.

Her own eyes filled. "Well—" She gave an unhappy little sigh. "I'm wondering, Tony. Can it really be true that you're going to kidnap that dear girl tonight? In cold blood? Break her heart? Break her mother's heart?"

"Absolutely," he replied, still with that snap in his eyes. "And it isn't going to break as many hearts as you think. I'll take care of her, and her mother too. You see, Miss Wampole, I've been very open with you. You were always good to me and I'm fond of you. But I mean business, and I can't afford to have you meddling round. I don't know as you want any advice from me, but—you'd better just keep your head shut tight. That's the best thing for you to do, believe me. All I've been telling you is plain truth. And I think you know it. Even you."

She did know it.

"Well—" A tear trickled down Miss Wampole's withered face. "Well—I suppose I may as well offer you a cup of tea. I haven't anything stronger."

NEXT WEEK—

CAN OUR WEST COAST BE INVADED?

Some startling revelations of the helplessness of our Pacific defenses to withstand a Japanese attack

By

Capt. Myron B. Goldsmith

Also

I SAW WHAT THE NAZIS DID TO THE JEWS

A first-hand glimpse of what is going on behind the scenes in Germany, and a prediction as to what will happen

By

Konrad Bercovici

"I'd love a cup of tea. I never touch liquor myself. Don't know what it tastes like. Have to keep your head clear in my business."

She reached out for the teapot of old brown luster. Looked into it. Gave it a circular shake. "Do you like it strong, Tony?" she asked wearily.

He nodded. "The stronger the better. I like tea you can float an egg in."

She touched a match to the spirit lamp under the kettle. then she looked into the cream jug, which also was brown luster.

"Tony," she said, "just get the cream bottle, will you? It's in the ice box over there. Probably pushed in behind some other things on the bottom shelf."

Tony stepped over there and dropped on one knee. As it turned out, the cream bottle had been pushed in behind some things on the top shelf. He was an appreciable moment finding it. And while he was kneeling there, searching, Miss Wampole deftly emptied the little box of sulphonal pills into her hand, ground them together, dropped the lot into a cup, and quickly poured some of the almost black tea over it. Then she poured in the hot water.

"How many lumps, Tony?"

"Three. I've still got a sweet tooth."

He sat again on the window seat and emptied the cup in a single long gulp. "Strong and bitter. That's the stuff! How about another?"

"Of course, Tony."

But when he had drunk the second cup he looked down with mild surprise. "Funny," he remarked. "That one didn't taste so strong."

"It's the same tea."

"Probably I imagined it. Well, Miss Wampole, I hope you see how the thing stands. I thought I'd better just let you have it straight. I suppose I'd better be getting along."

"Tony, I've always felt that you had the makings of a good man in you. I've tried to appeal to your better self. I can't quite believe that you're the beast you've been trying to make yourself out to be."

"Oh, come! I'm not a beast. Nothing like it. Everybody knows I'm square. My word has never been questioned."

"I'm afraid that hasn't much to do with what I said."

"The only trouble is, Miss Wampole, that we see this matter a little differently, you and I. I'm afraid that can't be helped."

He had made as if to go. But now he put down the teacup on the seat, leaned his head back against the window casing, and yawned.

The old lady watched him—though her gaze strayed for a moment to take in the open window and the darkness outside. She could see the dim shape of the old barn that stood behind Wyncope and Hardy's Garage. Opposite, across the brook, the old carriage sheds behind the Unitarian church blocked off any light from the street. Tony's lids were drooping. He muttered thickly: "Say, what's going on round here? Did you—put something—in—that—tea? . . ."

His head sagged forward. With an effort he raised it, but again lost control. For a moment he seemed to be trying to prop up his head with his hands. At last his eyes closed. He slipped down sidewise. His head struck the window sill with a little bump.

For a long moment Miss Wampole sat motionless. Then she peeped out around the screen. The store was quiet.

She stood over him, considering the inert body and the window and the dark bricked-up stream below; then set to work. She could never have lifted him—he must have weighed close to two hundred pounds. But she contrived to lift his legs up to the seat, one at a time.

Then with a great effort she rolled him slowly over the sill. He fell with a splash into the brook. One heel caught on the bricks and hung for a moment, then slipped off.

The body swung slowly around and disappeared headfirst into the culvert.

She straightened her dress, locked the windows, put on her hat and coat, switched off the rear lights. Then she went quietly through the store, switched off the front lights, and opened the door. Two swarthy men confronted her there.

"Mr. Polto been here?" one asked.

"Why, yes—he was here," she replied, "but he went out." Her quick eyes had noted that the curb was still crowded with cars. It might easily have happened as they understood her to mean it. They might simply have failed to pick him up in the dark.

"Turn on the lights."

She did so, and the spokesman went clear back to the screen, looking closely about. When he returned he merely said, "All right, Porky," and the pair dodged off through the traffic. . . .

For a week or so the papers gave much space to the mysterious disappearance of Tony Polto in Coventry. There was an outbreak of gang murders in and around Boston. Then the story died out.

Louise was married in February at the Unitarian church. Miss Wampole herself supervised the elaborate decorations of the altar with living evergreens and white roses.

It was a long, icy winter. The usual February thaw didn't come until late March. Then, late one afternoon, Chief O'Neill came to the store.

"Here's a queer one," he said. "Tony Polto's body was found this morning down the river near the Haverhill Road Bridge, caught under the sumacs. The rising water worked it loose. It was unrecognizable. Must have been there all winter under the ice. We identified it by things in the pockets."

He glanced out at the old mill stream as it dimpled along, bankful again, between its old brick walls.

"I just thought I'd ask you, Miss Wampole"—he seemed a bit embarrassed—"if anybody has bothered you at all since Tony was here last fall."

"Bothered me? No."

"Hm-m! Well, I guess it's as good a solution as any. Better just let me know if anything happens."

"Of course, Jim," said Miss Wampole.

And the chief went home to his supper.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was the author of the novel Frankenstein?

2—When and where was the first Woman's Rights Convention held?

3—What well known writer lost his life on the Lusitania?

4—What is calligraphy?

5—How high is the Rock of Gibraltar?

6—Where is Khyber Pass?

7—When was the American Federation of Labor formed?

8—What is jingoism?

9—Where did the famous ride of Lady Godiva take place?

10—How long is the Appian Way?

11—Who was in command of the battleship Maine when she blew up in the harbor of Havana?

12—What is the capital city of Yugoslavia?

13—Who wrote the music for Lucia di Lammermoor?

14—What is a common name for the American reindeer?

15—When was "Black Friday" in American history?

16—What color are coffee berries when ripe?

17—What is the source of the word silhouette?

18—Where do the Basques live?

19—What is the origin of the word tarantula?

20—Who was author of the phrase, "I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts"?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

Why should a child's first teeth receive special care?

(See page 47 for the answer)

5 different dentifrices ... or one

5-WAY DENTIFRICE?

Good dental care includes *all* factors of tooth-protection. If your present dentifrice is effective in only one way, you're neglecting your teeth! Even if you used five different dentifrices daily you couldn't equal the 5-*way protection* of Squibb's.

1 It cleans effectively and *safely.*

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3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.

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DENTAL
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Dental
Cream

Wives, *and*

Katharine Hepburn, the star of Christopher Strong.

The Unwritten Law; Katharine Hepburn in a New Role; the Price of Success; and a Marriage Club Picture

By ROB WAGNER

Lionel Barrymore, Alan Dinehart, and Ninetta Sunderland in a scene from the poignant film Sweepings.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 40 seconds.)

THERE is an old Arabian proverb which says: " For whom does the blind man's wife paint her face? "

The wife will tell you that she does it to please herself or to put the bee on neighboring wives. But women are deceptive cusses (!!!!) and maybe that's just a stall.

Ladislaus Fodor, a Hungarian dramatist, has framed up a test for " blind " husbands.

If wifie seems overenthusiastic about her sex charms, sneak up behind her as she sits before the mirror and puts on the finishing touches, and kiss her passionately. If she has been making up for you, she will respond deliciously.

If she slaps your face and yips, " Now you've gone and messed me all up! " you'd better snoop around a little bit. The chances are that there's a serpent somewhere in the garden.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR

CAST

Maria, Nancy Carroll; Dr. Paul Held, Frank Morgan; Dr. Walter Bernsdorf, Paul Lukas; Frau Bernsdorf, Gloria Stuart; Hilda, Jean Dixon; Bachelor, Walter Pidgeon; Schultz, Charles Grapewin; Prosecutor, Wallis Clark; Maria's Lover, Donald Cook; Hilda's Lover, Allen Connor; Liesl, Julie Carter; Reporter, Clay Clement; Judge, Reginald Mason; Magistrate, Charles French; Examining Judge, John Ince; Prisoner, Walter Brennan; Bill, Richard Cramer; Fat Woman, May Boley; Thin Woman, Carolyn " Spike " Rankin; Court Officer, Robert Adair; Old Man, Christian Rub; Artist, Gerald Stewart; Bald-Headed Man, Michael Marx; Reporter, Johnny Morris.

Directed by James Whale.
Produced by Universal.

Professor Paul Lukas loves his beautiful wife. While she is making up before the mirror he sneaks up and kisses her. " You big fish, now see what you've done! " Suspicious, he follows her, and watches her undress in her lover's apartment. Bang! Bang!

Paul is up for murder. Frank Morgan undertakes his defense. Paul explains the circumstances, and later, when Frank sees his own wife, Nancy Carroll, making up before her mirror, he kisses her, and she slaps his face. He grabs the old gat and follows her. Sure enough!

Comes the trial, and Frank pictures Paul's disillusionment so poignantly that Nancy suspects his double meaning, and when he dramatically whips out his gat, she faints. Paul is freed on the unwritten law. Frank, spiritually shot, returns home, and just as he smashes Nancy's mirror she rushes into his arms in repentance.

It is roast beef, rare, cut thick, but if you like your drama strong, this is your dish. The acting and direction are superb, and the camera work especially fine.

★ ★ CHRISTOPHER STRONG

CAST

Cynthia, Katharine Hepburn; Christopher, Colin Clive; Elaine, Billie Burke; Harry Rawlinson, Ralph Forbes; Monica, Helen Chandler; Carrie, Irene Browne.

Directed by Dorothy Arzner.
Produced by RKO.

A prize for the perfect husband! Another for a girl of twenty-one who has never had a love affair! Helen Chandler produces her father, Colin Clive (Sir Christopher Strong), as the perfect husband. Somebody else produces the unloved Katharine Hepburn (Lady Cynthia Barrington, fa-

Heirs, *Widows*

Edward Ellis, Marjorie Rambeau, and Dorothy Jordan in an unusual semi-racket film, Strictly Personal.

The Kiss Before the Mirror gains considerably from Nancy Carroll.

mous aviatrix). Clive's perfection, however, goes into eclipse the moment he meets Katharine, and for the first time love comes to her.

Clive's domestic defection is understandable, because Billie Burke, his wife, is one of these sadly soulful women who throatily martyr all over the works. The get-together of the prize winners is not so plausible, because Clive is the dourest lover imaginable, with a daughter almost Katharine's age; and Katharine, a round-the-world flyer, is one of these damnably efficient women with whom it is hard to associate Hearts and Flowers.

Colin Clive acts the unhappy, slightly imperfect husband well, but Billie Burke is too darned lugubrious. Helen Chandler gets her man, Ralph Forbes, with a to-hell-with-his-wife abandon. But Katharine Hepburn is the whole show. She looks like a maid of the Middle Ages and talks in crisp, staccato sentences. A very strange, elusive charm. Dorothy Arzner's direction is excellent.

★ ★ Sweepings

CAST

Daniel Pardway, Lionel Barrymore; Freddie, Eric Linden; Gene, William Gargan; Phoebe, Gloria Stuart; Thane, Alan Dinehart; Ullman, Gregory Ratoff; Mamie, Helen Mack; Crimson, Lucien Littlefield; Bert, George Meeker; Abigail, Ninetta Sunderland; Violet, Esther Muir; Prince Niko, Ivan Lebedeff.

Directed by John Cromwell.
Produced by RKO.

This is a story of the merchant prince and his four worthless children.

Lionel Barrymore and his bride arrive in Chicago just after the big fire. Lionel starts a small store in an improvised loft. Children come, and the store grows with the city, until The Bazaar becomes a great institution, and Lionel is rich.

He pridefully hopes that his children will carry on. But, alas, the eldest son is a rotter; the second honest but with the mind of a window dresser; the daughter crashes the tabloids first with a prince and then with a swami; the youngest is a drunken little prig who gets into a sex jam with a clerk in The Bazaar.

In the end Lionel decides that his Jewish manager is the only one entitled to inherit his business. A gentle rise at the end when the youngest says, " Father, I'll try."

★ Strictly Personal

CAST

Annie, Marjorie Rambeau; Soapy, Edward Ellis; Mary, Dorothy Jordan; Andy, Eddie Quillan; Magruder, Louis Calhern; Bessie, Dorothy Burgess; Wetzel, Hugh Herbert; Mrs. Castleman, Olive Tell; Hope Jennings, Jean Barry; Jerry O'Connor, Rollo Lloyd; Hewes, Charles Sellon; Captain Reardon, De Witt Jennings; Flynn, Thomas Jackson; Leila, Hazel Jones.

Directed by Ralph Murphy.
Produced by Paramount.

Even romance is institutionalized. The Hungry Hearts Home in Glendale, for instance. Here you may pay dues, play checkers, and p'r'aps meet your affinity. Furthermore, it is nicely run by Marjorie Rambeau and Edward Ellis until that old meanie Louis Calhern comes along.

He knows that Ellis is an escaped prison bird and holds the threat of exposure over his head.

His first dastardy is to lure Olive Tell, a rich widow, into his amorous embraces; then, choking her for her " rocks," he tries to scram with pretty Dorothy Jordan. But Mr. Nemesis, in the person of Dot's father, also an ex-crook, turns up and shoots Mr. Calhern right in the wastebasket.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round.

★★★—The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President.

T*he* TR ABOUT M

(Reading time: 19 minutes 5 seconds.)

"SPORT," said the Crown Prince in Liberty last week, "is a bridge of understanding between nations." He proceeded to reveal himself as sportsman and all-round devotee of strenuous sports, especially football, ice hockey, polo, tennis, six-day bicycle racing, and horse and automobile racing, in most of which he has participated. At Wieringen during his exile he learned to box. Golf? "Of course I play. Who does not?" he said, and told an amusing story of a "somewhat corpulent straw-blonde" who once hovered about him, pretending not to know who he was, as he played around the course of the Wannsee Club near Berlin.

Ice hockey is his favorite sport, but his passion is polo. He loves tennis and, like the King of Sweden, can hold his own in doubles in fast company. He has known and admired many of the foreign internationalists of the postwar years. Among his American tennis acquaintances are Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs.

Despite criticism of six-day bicycle racing, the Crown Prince is enthusiastic about it and has been one of its chief sponsors in Germany, both before and since the World War. The great automobile racing drivers whom he particularly admires are Hans von Stuck and Major Malcolm Campbell. He says he is "responsible for Stuck's marriage," having introduced him to Baroness Paula von Reznicek, the tennis player, who became his wife.

The Crown Prince has high hopes of the next Olympic Games as a promoter of international good feeling. His article on sports and sportsmanship was the fifth in this series, written exclusively for Liberty.

PART SIX—HIS ADVENTURES IN THE AIR

OUR generation is air-minded. Our fathers were all men of the sea. It was natural, for instance, that my father the Emperor, while watching with intense interest the evolution of aviation, envisaged the future of Germany mainly on the sea. He did everything in his power to make the Germans sea-minded, to arouse in them memories of their Nordic ancestors.

It was my father's example that made sailing races a popular sport in Germany. The famous regatta at Kiel, which was attended by so many sportsmen from every part of the world, including the elder J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Armour, was his creation.

Like every conscientious ruler, the Emperor made his private pleasure pay profit to the state. In the informal atmosphere of the yacht club he was able to rub shoulders with business men and captains of industry from many countries.

Like President Theodore Roosevelt, my father always was a thorough sportsman. Like "Teddy," he advocated the "strenuous life." Like "Teddy's" cousin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, now President of the United States, the Emperor was compelled to overcome a severe physical handicap to engage in sports.

Though compelled to rely mainly on one arm, the Kaiser was one of the best shots in Germany. He himself has told how severely he tasked himself to become a good horseman. Knowing the difficulties of such a struggle, I followed with immense interest the heroic battle which Franklin D. Roosevelt fought against infantile paralysis, the insidious foe that assailed him in the prime of his life. Franklin D. Roosevelt no more than my father permits a physical handicap to limit his athletic activities. He swims and flies, and by defying nature conquers her.

Roosevelt's flight to Chicago after his nomination was a redoubtable venture under the circumstances. It won for the President-elect the sympathy of every red-blooded man. envy my sons Louis Ferdinand and Friedrich, who have ha the opportunity to make the acquaintance of this remarkabl man and to explore his country. My good wishes go out t Mr. Roosevelt in these early weeks of his administration.

My own contacts with Theodore Roosevelt were few. Whe the Rough Rider ex-President visited us in Potsdam, he wa preoccupied with the Emperor. I, on the other hand, bestowe my attention largely upon one of his daughters. In the cours of the visit we showed him with all military trappings a full sized military maneuver in Döberritz. I stood a few yard away with Miss Roosevelt while the Emperor and Roosev were talking with great animation.

Suddenly Miss Roosevelt laughed.

"I am afraid your daddy and my daddy are so much interested in what they are saying that neither is listening to the other."

Miss Roosevelt's surmise was mistaken.

The Emperor, however dynamic may be his conversational manner, has an uncanny faculty of taking in and remembering every word that is said. He is a good listener as well as a good talker. My father never forgot his conversation with Mr Roosevelt. And Roosevelt's confidences to others show tha he too listened pretty attentively to the ruler who shares man of his own characteristics. Mr. Roosevelt remarked to Georg Sylvester Viereck that he had met many kings, but that th Kaiser was the only European monarch who could carry hi own ward if he were an American politician. Like Theodor Roosevelt, my father owes his tremendous vitality largely t the moral and physical discipline which he imposed upon him self as a sportsman.

Like my father I always was, and still am, a passionat sailor. At one of the regattas in Kiel my uncle Prince Henr of Prussia, who once visited the United States as my father' emissary, established a special prize for one of the events. hurried from Berlin with three of my comrades to take par in the contest.

When Uncle Henry noticed us and our small sailboat, h asked with a smile: "Well, well, what do you boys want i Kiel? Don't you think you had better practice the goose ste in Berlin? This is no place for the army."

A sailor himself, Prince Henry did not believe army me could seriously compete in a sailing race.

But the laugh was on him, not on us. I won the first cup i the special class he had founded, and proudly carried his troph home. After that Uncle Henry never again asked me to goos step!

I participated not only in this but in many other races. O one occasion some American sportsmen asked our club for th privilege of inspecting the designs of our boats. This reques could not be granted because it was contrary to some of ou by-laws. I circumvented the rules by playing the plans of m boat into their hands. The Americans were delighted. I fel that I had done merely my duty. In sport there should be n secrets. All should fight with equal weapons.

The spirit of true sportsmanship, as I have pointed out makes for international reconciliation. I am quite certain tha the late Sir Thomas Lipton contributed as much to the amit of British-American relations as any ambassador. Sport al plays an important part in the advance of science and technique.

The experiments of the Wright brothers, regarded as hare brained by many when they first began, foreshadowed th

UTH
Y LIFE

By
CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

Illustration by Charles De Feo

The Kaiser as Sea Lord and Yachtsman—Entertaining T. R. —Count Zeppelin's Early Struggles—A Forbidden Flight with Orville Wright—A Wartime Escape and the Sequel

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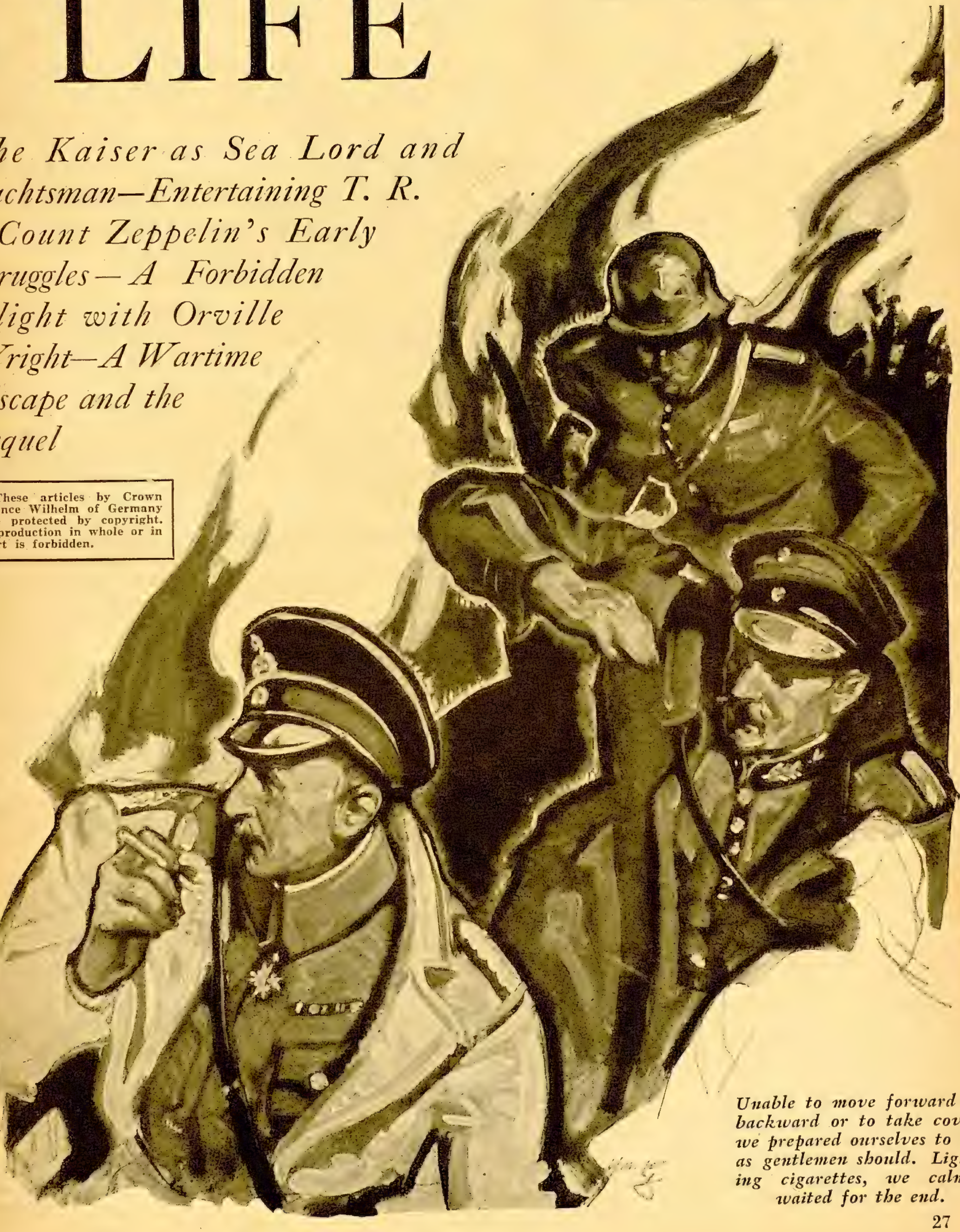

Unable to move forward or backward or to take cover, we prepared ourselves to die as gentlemen should. Lighting cigarettes, we calmly waited for the end.

aërial net of travel which now encircles the globe. Colonel Lindbergh's unique flight, the most sporting of sporting events in human history, loosened or will loosen the wings of ten thousand eagles.

When old Count Zeppelin first started to conquer the air by building an airship that looked like a gigantic cigar he was looked upon as a crank. Today his invention enables men to approximate the dreams of Scheherazade. Like the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights, the Zeppelin wafts us from continent to continent, over vast stretches of barren waters, with incredible speed.

Underwood & Underwood News photo

The Kaiser and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt reviewing troops during the Colonel's visit to the ruler of Germany in 1910.

The age in which we live has destroyed some of the finest heritages that had come down to us through centuries. It has upset moral values; it has turned the map of Europe into a crazy quilt. But, however we may have retrogressed ethically, we have advanced mechanically. It gives me a great deal of satisfaction to have been alive to see the birth pains of aviation. I was even privileged in a modest way to make the process less painful. I was one of those who broke a lance for old Count Zeppelin when he was discredited officially. It will be remembered that after his failures and troubles, inevitable in the early stages of a revolutionary invention, the German government prohibited all public collections to aid his work. I used such influence as I was able to wield to smooth the path of that Argonaut of the air. I preached his message in court circles and in the bureaus where governmental decisions are made.

TO show my complete faith in his marvelous invention, I accepted his invitation to accompany him on one of his first flights from the Bodensee (Lake Constance) to the Rhine. Life has given me many thrills, but none more thrilling than this journey through the clouds. The aërial dolphin carried us to Donaueschingen. I watched from above, with a delightful feeling of exultation, a reception tendered in that town to my father. As the airship moved slowly over the clouds and over my father's carriage, I knew that Zeppelin's idea ushered in a new era in the history of our planet.

The Crown Prince followed by Count Zeppelin, about to make a flight in one of the first Zeppelins.

Unable to restrain my joy, I dropped a post card addressed to the Emperor from my high station. The message was actually caught and delivered to his Majesty. It pleased my father to such an extent that I escaped a curtain lecture for risking my life. In those days flying was still a hazardous occupation.

IT is curious how trivial details attach themselves to the memory in connection with great events. I shall never forget the peculiar accounterment of the old Count when we made that first trip together. He wore a swallowtail with the appropriate trousers, patent-leather shoes, and a yachting cap.

Over the dress coat he wore a short fur jacket which hardly reached to his navel. I presume he wore the full dress in honor of my presence. The combination was decidedly eccentric.

But of how little importance are such peculiarities of costume or appearance! Underneath these clothes lived and wrought the spirit of a great inventor and a dauntless soul. It was dreadfully cold that day. I froze to the marrow in spite of my enormous fur coat and my heavy fur cap. But the old Count, impervious to such hardships, defied the temperature with the same nonchalance with which he defied the air.

It was an American, Orville Wright, who first aroused my interest in flying. In his early days Wright frequently arranged exhibition flights in Berlin. I attended all of his exhibitions. Compared with the easy grace with which the modern airplane alights and with the astonishing rapidity with which the autogyro rises, Wright's attempts were clumsy and dangerous. He was compelled to start from an inclined plane with the aid of a counterweight. It took my breath away when, as frequently happened, his machine twisted or caught itself and the flight was arrested.

Watching him day after day, I was unable to curb my desire to accompany him on one of his ascents. I implored him to take me with him into the air, although any such adventure was *strengstens verboten* by an edict of my Imperial father. First Wright refused. At last he relented.

Seated on a little board without any firm hold on anything, we floated over the tops of blossoming cherry trees into the air. I admit at first I felt somewhat ill at ease after losing contact with Mother Earth and relying solely upon so frail and so uncertain a craft. But Orville Wright knew his business. He never lost faith in himself or his plane. His ardor and his confidence were infectious.

Before long my organism adjusted itself to sailing through the air on a wooden plank, and soon I felt more secure in Wright's airplane than in the stately equipages of the Imperial court.

Speed, tempo, are part of my temperament. I often accompany Udet, our greatest virtuoso of the air. That aërial acrobat is a good friend of mine. On several occasions he permitted me to fly myself in his machine with two steering wheels over the German capital. It gave me, as the Americans would say, a tremendous "kick." The airplane responded with the same exactitude to my slightest pressure as the steering wheel of a motor boat or a car. Udet, that madcap genius of the clouds, awakens with his exploits again and again my amazement and my admiration. His recent flight over Greenland was one of the most outstanding feats in the annals of aviation.

The Crown Prince in the cabin of a DO-X airliner.

Just as in the past the ocean with its unknown terrors attracted the most daring souls, so today the venturesome spirit of youth yearns to explore the air. In war as well as in peace the flyers were the best of the best, the cream of the cream. One of my best friends, the famous steeplechaser Count Holk, was killed as an aviator before Verdun. I was not ashamed of my tears when saluting his body.

All soldiers in the World War acquitted themselves with honor. But none more so than the knights of the air.

Over the clouds there was still a chance for single combat and extraordinary deeds of individual derring do. The aces fighting on opposite sides battled fiercely. But out of the battle was born a mutual respect.

When one of the German aces died in combat, the enemy dipped their flags in his honor and threw wreaths within our lines. When one of the Allied aviators sacrificed his life for his country fighting above the clouds, he was mourned by his German opponents.

Some future Homer will celebrate the heroes of the clouds in an Iliad of the World War. It cannot be my task to retell their tale. But I may be permitted to relate one of my own experiences with enemy flyers. A few years after the war, on my way to the dining car of the Mid-Europe Express to St. Moritz, I almost bumped into three good-looking young Britishers. We made our mutual apologies and smiled.

At the Souvretta Hotel in St. Moritz I met them again. It appeared, much to my pleasure, that we were fellow guests. Before long, while we were dallying over a cocktail, I learned that the young chaps were aviators. I exchanged martial reminiscences with these three musketeers of the air.

In the course of the conversation we discussed the most ticklish situations in which we had found ourselves in the war. I described a very disagreeable incident that happened to me during the spring drive on the river Somme in April, 1918. It was my intention to push forward as far as possible in order to ascertain personally the exact position of one of my divisions.

I had penetrated pretty far with my staff when we were compelled to halt because the pioneer bridge across the river was not yet finished. While we were debating what to do, suddenly a squadron of five enemy planes swooped through the clouds dropping

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bomb after bomb over our heads and blazing at us with machine guns. Closer and closer the missiles came, like a cloudburst of fire.

We saw no hope of escape.

There was no German flyer in sight. Unable to move either forward or backward or to take cover, we prepared ourselves to die as gentlemen should.

Lighting cigarettes, we calmly smoked and waited for the end.

But the end did not come.

By some miracle we escaped.

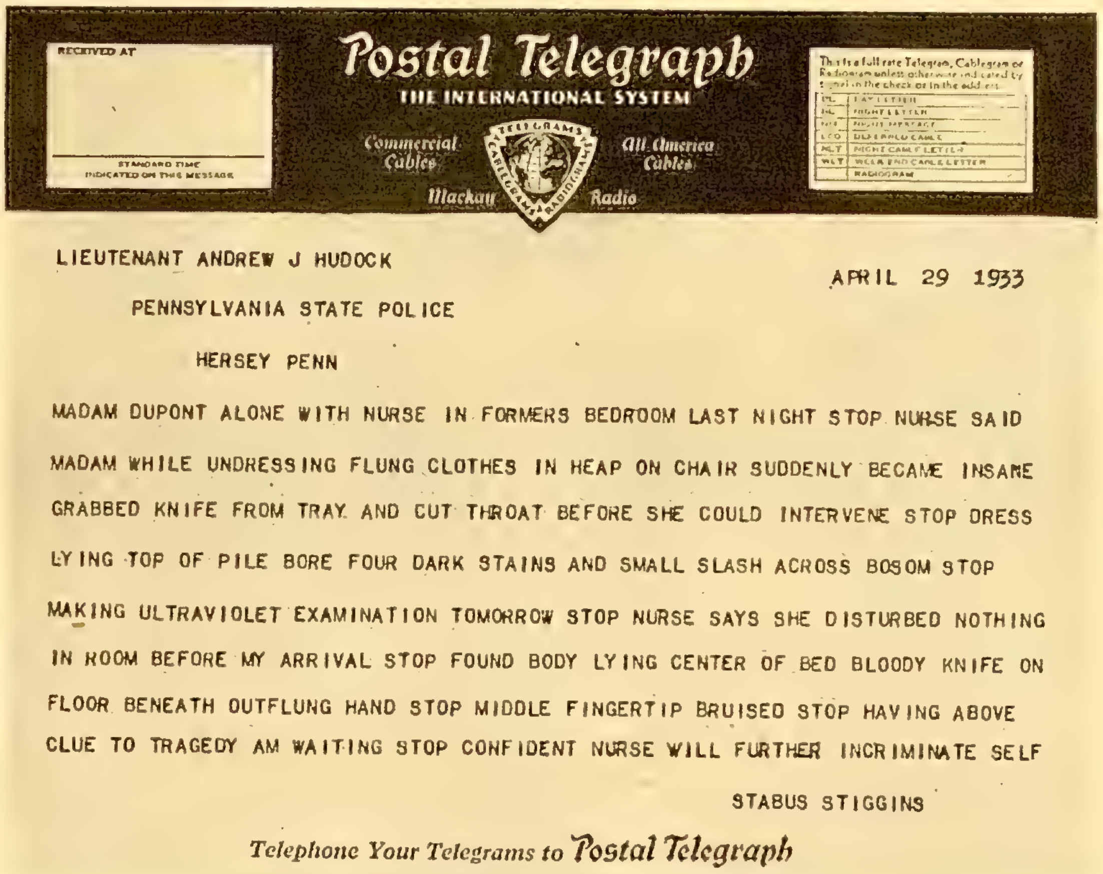
At this moment one of the three interrupted me and said with obvious relief: "My God! I was one of those airmen. I am jolly glad I did not kill you that time."

We ordered another round of cocktails and the conversation drifted to other topics.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley



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HERSEY PENN

MADAM DUPONT ALONE WITH NURSE IN FORMERS BEDROOM LAST NIGHT STOP NURSE SAID MADAM WHILE UNDRESSING FLUNG CLOTHES IN HEAP ON CHAIR SUDDENLY BECAME INSANE GRABBED KNIFE FROM TRAY AND CUT THROAT BEFORE SHE COULD INTERVENE STOP DRESS LYING TOP OF PILE BORE FOUR DARK STAINS AND SMALL SLASH ACROSS BOSOM STOP MAKING ULTRAVIOLET EXAMINATION TOMORROW STOP NURSE SAYS SHE DISTURBED NOTHING IN ROOM BEFORE MY ARRIVAL STOP FOUND BODY LYING CENTER OF BED BLOODY KNIFE ON FLOOR BENEATH OUTFLUNG HAND STOP MIDDLE FINGERTIP BRUISED STOP HAVING ABOVE CLUE TO TRAGEDY AM WAITING STOP CONFIDENT NURSE WILL FURTHER INCRIMINATE SELF

STABUS STIGGINS

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The solution will appear next week.

The Englishmen could look death in the face and laugh because they were good sportsmen. Similarly all American soldiers I met showed excellent spirits. They were well nourished and in the pink of condition, unlike our own half-starving army. They went to war as gayly as if it were a big football game.

The American Expeditionary Force would not have been able to bear the terrific strain imposed upon them by war conditions if they had not made themselves fit with sports and athletics. Sports and athletics are absolutely essential for the physical welfare of a people. No man can be one hundred per cent efficient unless his body is also efficient. *But sports and athletics are no substitute for universal military service.* They are an aid. But they cannot take its place.

If the Americans had possessed military training as well as athletic prowess, their losses would have been immeasurably diminished. Their weight would have been felt more immediately in the iron scale of the god of battle.

Whatever may be the experience of other nations, for us Germans universal service is a necessity. It balances our tendency to place too much stress upon intellectual values, and it neutralizes the centrifugal forces which make German unity such a difficult undertaking.

It can hurt no young man to subordinate himself and his wishes once in a lifetime to the needs of the common weal. He will never forget that lesson. It will help him to hold his own in his struggle for existence. It will also teach him that he is only a part of the whole.

Mussolini with his genius for organization has solved the problem for Italy by combining sport and military drill in education. That is an ideal solution. France, our western neighbor, pays Mussolini the compliment of imitating in many respects the splendid system which the Duce has initiated in Italy.

Almost from birth every French child receives some sort of physical training intended to make him a soldier. From the cradle to the school bench, from the school bench to his majority, the French youth is a soldier in reserve. I do not blame the French for this. On the contrary, I admire them. I only ask for my own country the same right to inculcate discipline and physical efficiency in its sons.

I think that it is an excellent idea to combine preparatory military training with sport, because sport gives it that element of joy which our more formal military drill sometimes lacked. Even after we have achieved the right to train our young men as heretofore, we shall not give up the new joy which the development of sport has brought into the life of the masses. The boy who can box and swing a bat will have less difficulty in shouldering a musket than the poor pale bookworm bending his curved spine over dusty records.

It is marvelous how adroitly Mussolini kills two birds with one stone. The same subsidy encourages sports as well as industry. It is largely due to his inspiration that the Italians now overshadow the French in automobile races. I mention Alfa, Romeo, and Maserati as against the Frenchman Bugatti. The Italian automobile industry profits hereby. In that respect we Germans lack the unerring instinct of Mussolini. We are willing to spend a million marks out of public funds to restore architectural splendors of some ruined castle. But we think twice before we spend the same amount for the development of a new racing car or a new type of airplane.

In spite of my advocacy of sport and military training I do not overemphasize their importance. I am opposed to excess. I would not, like the Russians, impose military service upon women as well as men. Naturally every nation has the right to call upon all citizens, male and female, in time of emergency. Woman's constitution predisposes her to be the Good Samaritan, not the soldier. I say this in spite of the fact that there have been famous Amazons and in spite of occasional exhibitions by female boxers.

I deplore the tendency to rob woman of her feminine characteristics. She can find all the exercise she needs to achieve her physical ideal in sports and athletics. But even in that field woman should not push to extremes. No achievement is worth the sacrifice of her sex appeal. Muscle and athletic records are no substitute for that charm upon which woman's success in life primarily depends. However, both may go hand in hand. Helen Wills was able to develop her muscle without losing one whit of her feminine allurement.

There is no reason why, with certain limitations, women should not be champions. We should no more neglect the physical education of girls than of boys. Woman's interest in her physique and in sports should be aroused by the proper physical and psychic education. It should not be a matter of force and compulsion. There are still many women today who in their attitude toward sport and athletics belong not to this century but to the last.

The woman of the nineteenth century missed some of the most valuable prizes in life. Her circumscribed existence deprived her of the full realization of her personality. The last few decades brought about a marvelous change in the position of women. Some women make excessive use of their new freedom. Here, too, it is best to observe the golden mean.

The woman who was immured by convention, who could take no step without a chaperon, became uncertain and uncritical in her attitude toward the world. But the unscrupulous Amazon whose sole purpose it is to make a record for herself in athletics or in business, who walks to her goal if needs be over corpses, is no improvement upon her nineteenth-century sister.

The lighter forms of athletics, horsemanship, tennis, etc., afford sufficient opportunity for the physical exploits of the fairer sex. Women can create records in these spheres without losing their femininity.

I remember in this connection a conversation I had with Lily d'Alvarez, the greatest all-round sportswoman in the world, who is usually called " the Spanish Star."

Running across Lily in Berlin, I asked her:

" What are you here for this time? Tennis? Hockey? "

Lily shook her pretty head.

" Will you give us some new exhibition of your daring horsemanship? "

Again she shook her head in denial.

" Perhaps you have come in order to grace with your presence the new skiing track in the Grunewald? "

Lily laughed.

" No; I have come for an entirely different purpose."

That aroused my curiosity.

" Did you come to meet some new tennis trainer or to take part in a bridge tournament? "

" No," the dark Spanish woman replied mischievously. " This time I am here to meet my husband, of whom I am exceedingly fond. And that," she remarked emphatically, " is more important than all the records in the world! "

There is nothing that I can add to the words of the Spanish past mistress of sports.

In next week's article the Crown Prince will discuss his experiences as a huntsman. He will relate graphically how he bagged his first tiger and his first elephant. He will tell of his travel in India and will explain the story of his imputed adventure in a harem.

DINKY CONTEST MARCH 18 WINNERS

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Burna Dean Coaker, Baytown, Texas

Money gone.
Poor daddy.
Once banker.
Now caddy.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. Paul E. Purcell, Marshall, Texas

Georgia " darky "
Saw ghost.
Landed on
Pacific coast.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Mrs. W. L. Stephenson, Goshen, Ind.

Banks closed
Every place.
Baby's bank
Saves face.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

Mrs. L. S. Huntting, Alameda, Calif.

Face lifted,
All well.
Bill rendered,
Face fell!

TEN $5 PRIZES

Walter E. Baker, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. V. W. Clisby, Wellington, Ohio; Martin Gudzin, Schenectady, N. Y.; E. S. Hall, Kissimmee, Fla.; Mabel Hewes, Biloxi, Miss.; Mrs. George Harrell, Denton, Texas; John Moreland, Norfolk, Va.; Mildred H. Netts, Springfield, Ohio; Doris Persons, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. R. L. Trigg, Corpus Christi, Texas.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

C. Guthrie Babcock, Miami, Fla.; E. W. Barnwell, Savannah, Ga.; Nancy Beaty, Charlotte, N. C.; Leila Beaty, Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. Euna G. Bennett, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. C. T. Bolton, Shreveport, La.; W. L. Caldwell, Edmond, Okla.; Mary W. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rose Cuthbert, Windsor, Ont.; Verena L. Garriock, Winnipeg, Man.; L. Willis Getchell, Waterville, Me.; Wilson Greatbatch, Buffalo, N. Y.; Harry Henckler, Jr., Bronx, N. Y.; L. C. Holland, Suffolk, Va.; L. C. Hosfeldt, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. R. W. Hawthorne, Seattle, Wash.

M. J. Howell, Kerrobert, Sask.; Mrs. H. Glen Jocelyn, Boston, Mass.; Louis Kasper, Philadelphia, Pa.; Boswell F. King, San Francisco, Calif.; Michael G. Kupsik, Torrington, Conn.; Howard G. Kelley, Westmont, Ill.; C. A. Kraatz, Jr., Lakewood, Ohio; A. Lawrie, Victoria, B. C.; Ellen Durene Lee, Dallas, Texas; Dorothy Lindsey Luck, Draper, N. C.; Hubert H. Miers, Kansas City, Kan.; Cal Noyes, Augusta, Ga.; Gladys O'Brien, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. John C. Phelan, Toledo, Ohio; B. B. Phillips, St. Louis, Mo.; Tom Purcell, Marshall, Texas.

Román Richmond, Los Angeles, Calif.; Alice B. Riach, Alameda, Calif.; Harvey Rose, Home, Colo.; Howard K. Rowe, Newton Highlands, Mass.; Viola L. Schelm, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. L. Schmuff, Baltimore, Md.; Alice Stanton, Iowa City, Iowa; Edith Starke, Belmont, Calif.; H. G. Sterling, Kansas City, Mo.; O. F. Stevens, Indianapolis, Ind.; Robert Lee Stewart, Calgary, Alta.

E. J. Thoman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Claire Thomas, Rochester, N. Y.; J. H. Tuttle, Tulsa, Okla.; Laurette Wheeler, Portland, Ore.; Amy L. Wilder, Waverley, Mass.; Richard Wilkins, Detroit, Mich.; G. W. Yanney, Alliance, Ohio.

THE FIRST WINNERS IN THE $250 WEEKLY COVER TITLE CONTEST WILL APPEAR IN THE MAY 13 ISSUE

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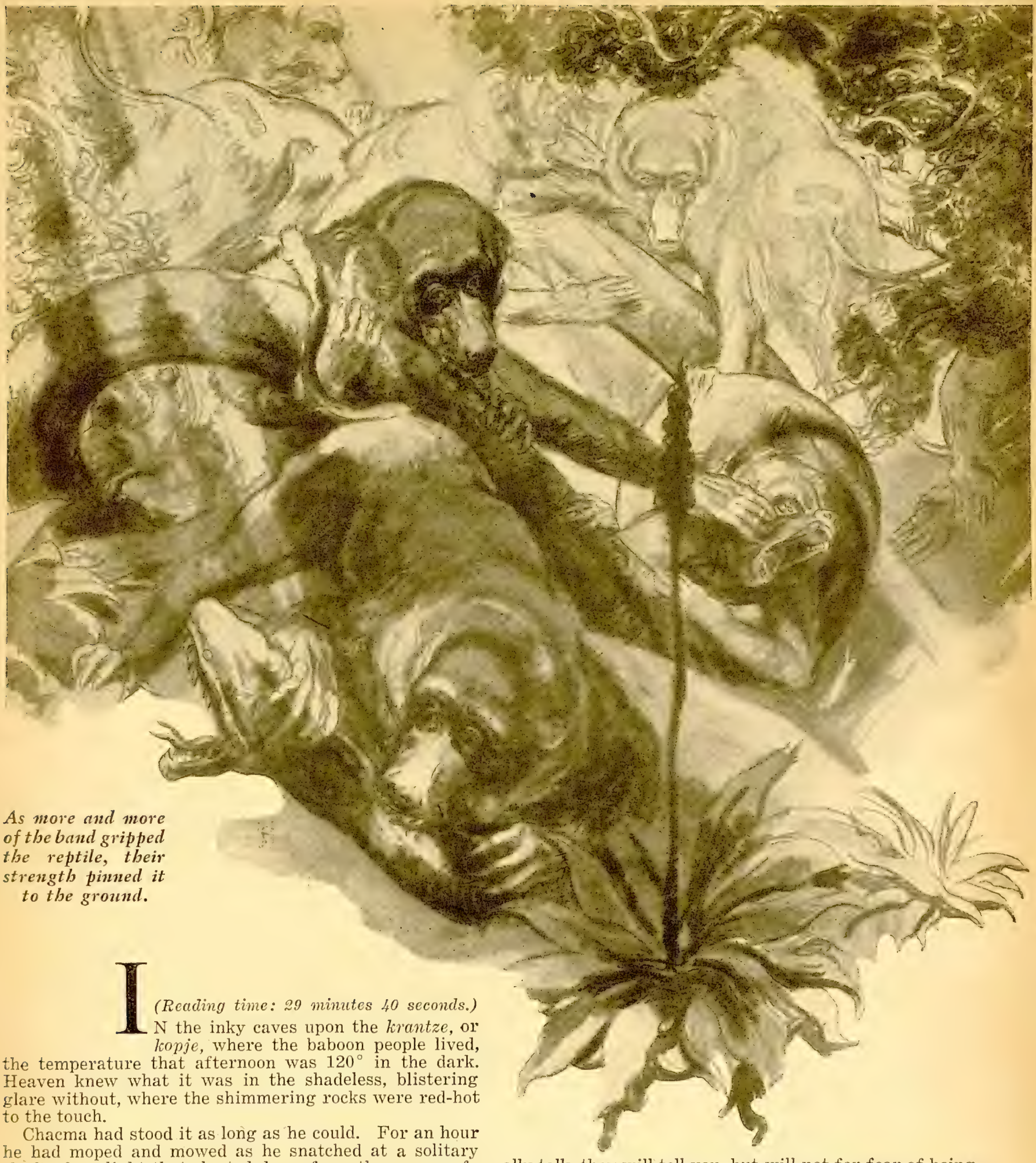
ESSO HANDY OIL



As more and more of the band gripped the reptile, their strength pinned it to the ground.

(Reading time: 29 minutes 40 seconds.)

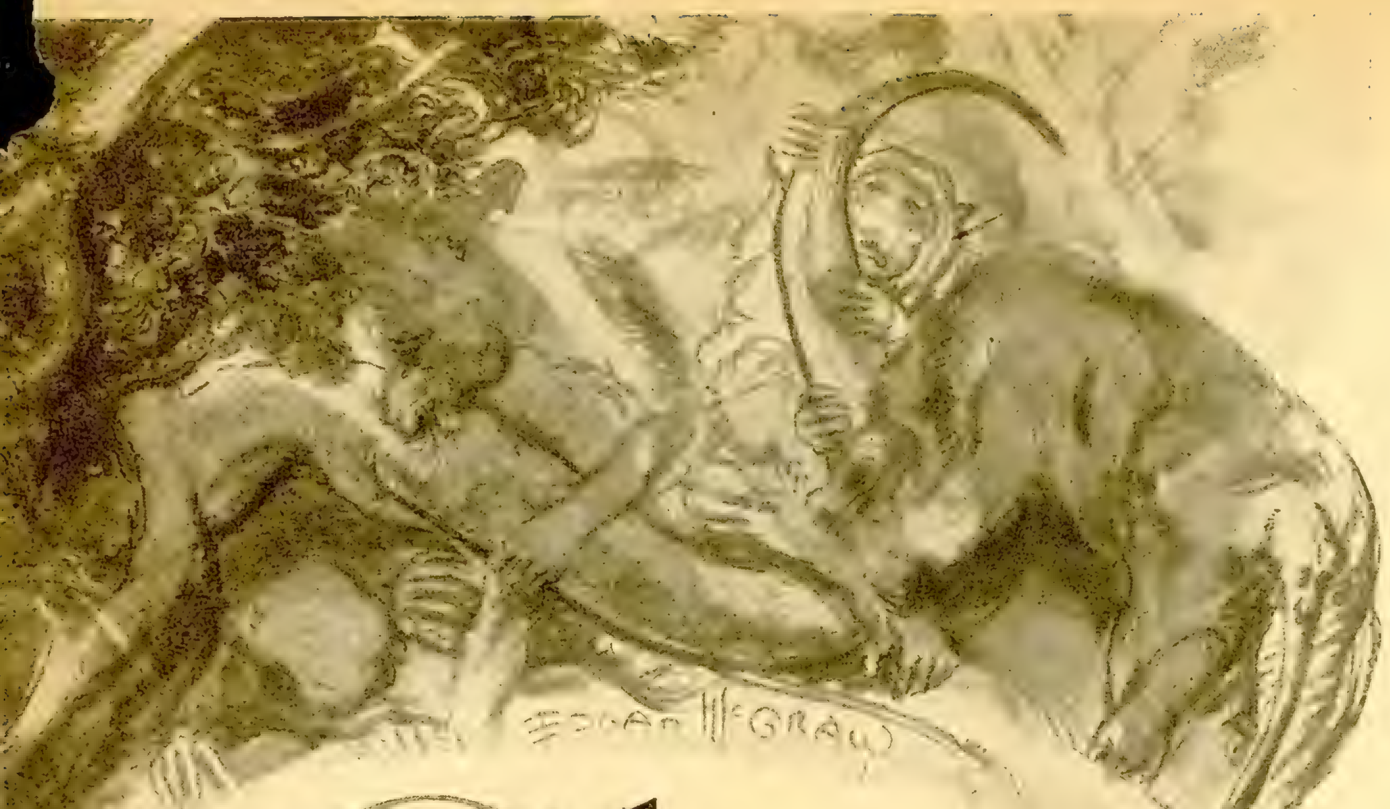
IN the inky caves upon the *krantze,* or *kopje,* where the baboon people lived, the temperature that afternoon was 120° in the dark. Heaven knew what it was in the shadeless, blistering glare without, where the shimmering rocks were red-hot to the touch.

Chacma had stood it as long as he could. For an hour he had moped and mowed as he snatched at a solitary shaft of sunlight that slanted down from the cave roof; he had tweaked the tail of his fond parent as she slept, pulled her hair, and dropped earth and pebbles upon her from the cave top. Finally he got up and crept forth into the light—until that moment he had been invisible, by the way, in his greeny-black coat in the shadows—showing himself as a fine young dog-faced baboon about the size of an English bulldog, heavy-forearmed, deep-chested, dog-jawed, and dangerous, with something of the quickness of a bird in his alert glance and all but the calculating intelligence of a man in mien and expression.

Baboons are perhaps the most intelligent of the great ape tribe. T'chakamma, the Hottentots have named their race, and they classify them as people—"the people-who-sit-on-their-heels." The T'chakamma can actually talk, they will tell you, but will not for fear of being enslaved by man.

Ma slept on. How Chacma could gull and bait that old gray dame! How he could work her, even in the midst of a drubbing, by a show of absurd overaffection, or by opening his mouth in a piteous O and sending forth a sad, low, pathetic cry till she repented her harshness and cuddled the young demon to her with cooing noises, forgetting all! But Chacma could never have been meant to be future leader of the great tribe upon the krantze without a few such tricks up his hairy paw, so to speak.

By PAUL



A Story of the Law of the Jungle and a Drama that Made Him King

Illustrations by
EDGAR McGRAW

Chacma

ANNIXTER

He paused in the cave mouth, peered round about and overhead for fear of soaring eagles. The baboon sentinel always on watch upon the highest point of the krantze had squatted in the shadow of a rock to escape the blighting heat. The Old One was nowhere in sight. Slipping from the cave mouth crab fashion because of the precipitous drop that yawned before it, Chacma let himself over the brink of the krantze, utilizing a multitude of well known tiny finger holds and toe purchases which no human could possibly have recognized. The sheer drop beneath him was almost a precipice, but Chacma went down it like a spider, hanging with his hands here and there while he sought a grip below with his feet. Then his hands would drop for another lower grip; all of it with a surety that would have driven an experienced human fly to despair. Finally he reached the stout rope ladder of a flowering guinea vine that dropped sheer to a slime-green pool at the krantze foot which disguised at this time of year the drinking place of the baboon tribe.

Time and again Ma and the Old One had warned him to keep away from the lower pool; they had impressed it upon him with coughs and grimaces and chastisement with tooth and palm of horny hand. But Chacma from the first month of his existence had been a rebel, predestined for adventure and vicissitude, prone to attending to any business but his own. Besides, his patience, like the patience of all the ape folk, was short as his memory and temper.

It was the Old One he really feared now—the vast, scowling, debauched old ruffian, four and a half feet high and powerful as three strong men, who ruled the tribe with a paw of iron, and who was, furthermore, Chacma's own father. Therein lay the root of it all, no doubt. They knew each other too well, those two, being parts of a parcel.

Certain it is that if there was one solid fact anchored to date in the giddy brain of the young baboon, it concerned his fear of his sire and the mutual hatred that existed between them.

Since he had been three months old it had been there. It almost seemed as if, even at that early age, the Old One could read the future of this largest and craftiest of his sons. No, there need be no doubt but that he knew that and much more with that half-human, crafty intelligence that gleamed from the diabolical eyes beneath his low-ridged brows.

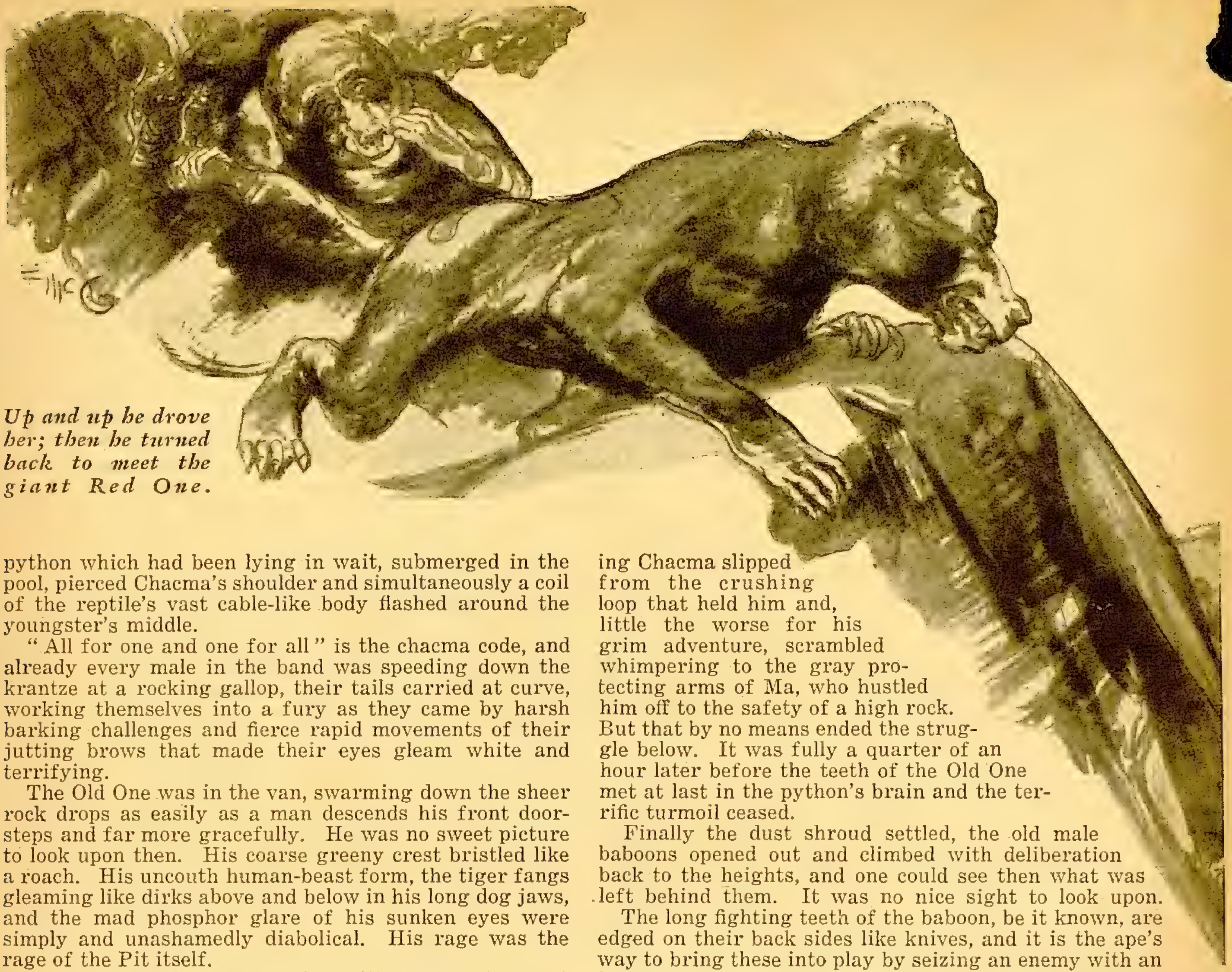
Were it not for that unbreakable group spirit of the tribe that demanded utter fealty, even to an enemy, even to an approaching heir apparent, the Old One would undoubtedly have murdered this son of his. As it was, he had to grow old stewing in sullen, wicked, smoldering hate and spite, while bending every energy toward protecting the life and strengthening the craft and cunning of this brat of his loins, for that was tribe law. As, for instance, this afternoon.

CHACMA dropped lightly as an acrobat by the brink of the pool—the lower pool, where no young baboons were allowed to go unguarded—a look of precocious cheek and satisfaction on his old-fashioned face. No eye had yet seen him. He squatted on a hot rock on his tail where he had already worn bare patches, and looked about.

The pool, which was far from sweet-smelling at any time, was worse today than ever. It was lower too, and it threw off a breath as of a Chicago packing plant with a glue factory somewhere to windward, and it was quite covered with a greeny scum. Leaning far over to brush the scum away with a black hand, Chacma dipped his snout into the water and slipped—baboons drink rather clumsily—falling with a considerable splash into the pool.

On the instant came a deep organ note of warning from the sentinel on his high rock as he craned and peered. Another instant and the entire tribe peopled the cliff face in a dark wave, bouncing in excitement, the males pausing to stoop the backs of their heads to the ground, which is the baboon challenge to battle. All this because a youngster had fallen into the water—and young baboons can swim as soon as they walk, as all know.

But none know better than the monkey folk what dangers lurk beneath the most commonplace occurrence. As Chacma kicked and clawed at the brink, setting up no end of a row, as all young monkeys will, a flat gray triangular head that had been resting at the water's edge shot forward like a flung reata, the curved teeth of a great rock


Up and up he drove her; then he turned back to meet the giant Red One.

python which had been lying in wait, submerged in the pool, pierced Chacma's shoulder and simultaneously a coil of the reptile's vast cable-like body flashed around the youngster's middle.

"All for one and one for all" is the chacma code, and already every male in the band was speeding down the krantze at a rocking gallop, their tails carried at curve, working themselves into a fury as they came by harsh barking challenges and fierce rapid movements of their jutting brows that made their eyes gleam white and terrifying.

The Old One was in the van, swarming down the sheer rock drops as easily as a man descends his front doorsteps and far more gracefully. He was no sweet picture to look upon then. His coarse greeny crest bristled like a roach. His uncouth human-beast form, the tiger fangs gleaming like dirks above and below in his long dog jaws, and the mad phosphor glare of his sunken eyes were simply and unashamedly diabolical. His rage was the rage of the Pit itself.

Chacma meantime was tearing with tooth and paw at the choking coil that held him, with harsh coughs and shrieks of terror. The flat head of the serpent shot back and hung swaying in air, waiting for an unguarded moment in which to loop the youngster with the double coil by which a python kills its prey. Before he could accomplish that, however, the Old One hurtled upon him like a catapult, pinning down the neck of the monster with his weight.

Hissing with a sound sharp and fierce as the exhaust of a steam engine, the great snake thrashed in fury. Twice its bony wedge-shaped head thudded hammer blows upon the Old One's ribs in strokes that would have felled an athlete, but the ape clung like a bulldog, rending meanwhile with tooth and paw at the python's neck.

THEN the rest of the fighting jocks flung themselves forward in one howling, ravening avalanche, literally covering the body of the rock snake. More than fifty pairs of black hands laid hold upon the sepia-and-dull-brown length of the serpent with the force of iron clamps. Then inexorably, inch by inch, and working all in unison, they began to straighten out the monster's body. No other creatures in all the wild could have brought to bear that mighty yet cunning effort with all but human thought behind it. Nothing else save a man with a high-powered magazine rifle could have done aught to save the young baboon then.

The steel-hard tessellated loops of the hundred-year-old monster quivered again and again with convulsions that flung part of the line of apes against the rocks; but as more and more of the band gripped the struggling reptile, their united weight and strength at last pinned it to the ground.

Two minutes from the start of the tussle the chattering Chacma slipped from the crushing loop that held him and, little the worse for his grim adventure, scrambled whimpering to the gray protecting arms of Ma, who hustled him off to the safety of a high rock. But that by no means ended the struggle below. It was fully a quarter of an hour later before the teeth of the Old One met at last in the python's brain and the terrific turmoil ceased.

Finally the dust shroud settled, the old male baboons opened out and climbed with deliberation back to the heights, and one could see then what was left behind them. It was no nice sight to look upon.

The long fighting teeth of the baboon, be it known, are edged on their back sides like knives, and it is the ape's way to bring these into play by seizing an enemy with an iron-hand grip, sinking his teeth in to the hilt, and pulling backward. The great snake had been literally ripped, torn, and shredded to pieces.

PRESENTLY all was quiet again on the krantze, the tribe having climbed to the high rocks—all but a small party of chattering young champions who took this opportunity to inflate themselves by a show of warlike attitudes, a gnashing of teeth, and boastful grimaces as they milled about the remains of the foe.

Up above, the Old One was polishing off the affair according to his lights. He arrived with a slither and pounce at the cave of Ma, plucked Chacma by the scruff of his neck from his rock, and dealt him a half dozen number-one whacks in the place that counted most, to the accompaniment of shrieks rivaling those of stuck pigs. Then he roughly twisted Ma about and disciplined her on her laxness, and proceeded up to the pinnacle to seek the sentry who should have seen all and given a warning that would have precluded the whole affair. He was followed by three of the old men of the tribe, and a series of deep organ-toned howls told of the interview that followed. Then the mauled sentinel came streaking by in flight to his own cave.

That rescue from the toils of the rock snake was significant of the luck that followed Chacma throughout his youth. During the months of summer that followed, the youngster developed phenomenally in strength and weight and craft, and finished those secondary lessons and maxims of the veldt in which all baboons who would live out their span of days must be perfect.

He learned of the many quick deaths which lurked and crawled among the rocks and sailed the blue on motionless wings, and he developed subtle vision in his feet and tail and the very hairs of his body to avoid them with. He mastered the subtle book of sound as well as scent and sight. He learned the different calls of the zebra stallions, who act as alarm bells for all dwellers of the veldt, and knew when their cry meant leopard, lion, or wild dog. In all things he proved himself a master pupil, except for the matter of a certain headstrong courage and rebel rashness. It bordered upon belligerence, that courage, and he came by it honestly. It was his father's.

In November there came an abrupt change in the weather. The drought which had lasted for nine full months was broken suddenly by a two-day storm of rain which swept down from the snow-capped mountains sixty miles distant. The water drove against the face of the krantze until by the second day the caves and lairs of the baboon folk were flooded and untenable. It was that afternoon that the Old One sounded a deep booming note that rallied the entire band about him, old men, young fighting jocks, and the thin, wasp-waisted marys with their young straddling their necks. The elders knew that the prevailing storms of winter would continue to sweep from this direction. Therefore they began at once a march to another krantze some miles distant.

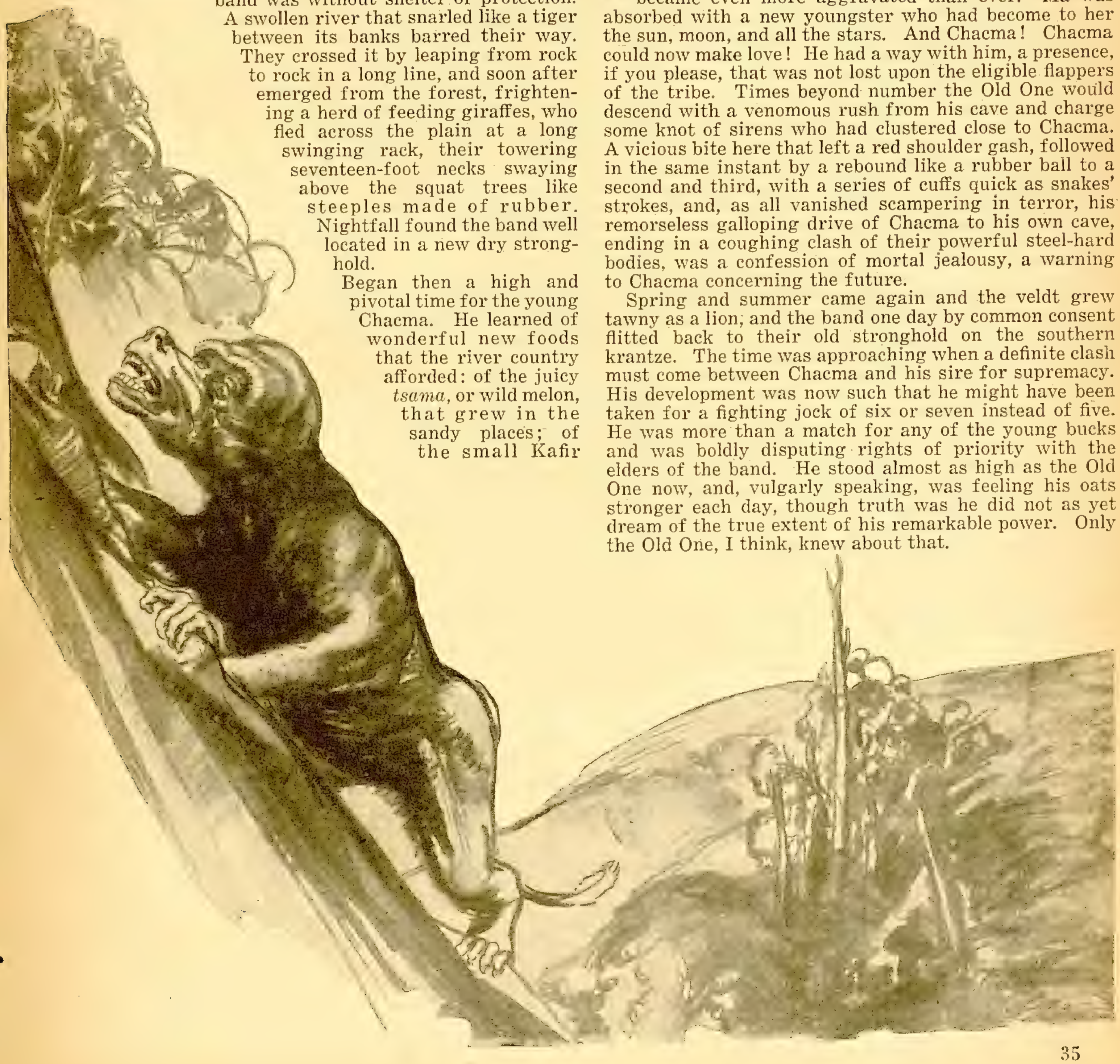
The first lap of the journey led through the dense bush that stretched for many miles below the krantze—a dangerous passage of a night and a day during which the band was without shelter or protection. A swollen river that snarled like a tiger between its banks barred their way. They crossed it by leaping from rock to rock in a long line, and soon after emerged from the forest, frightening a herd of feeding giraffes, who fled across the plain at a long swinging rack, their towering seventeen-foot necks swaying above the squat trees like steeples made of rubber. Nightfall found the band well located in a new dry stronghold.

Began then a high and pivotal time for the young Chacma. He learned of wonderful new foods that the river country afforded: of the juicy *tsama*, or wild melon, that grew in the sandy places; of the small Kafir plums and wild figs to be found at the jungle edge. He learned to track the small black African bees to their nests by watching their flight, and heedless of pain would rob the hives of their golden treasure, hurling himself into thick brush with his booty just ahead of the enraged swarm. Protecting his rump by sitting on it, and his sensitive nose with one free hand, he would stuff with amber honey till he could hold no more.

He grew to love the early-morning and sunset hours when the band would troop down to the river to drink, then spread out in a long line, carefully examining every inch of the ground for sign of centipedes, birds' eggs, beetles, scorpions, and other dainties. The Old One led the troop on every expedition—except in case of danger and retreat, when the mothers with their young led and the old men brought up the rear. And dangers on the new krantze were constant. Death stalked the region in a score of different forms. Leopards and lions hunted nightly in the vicinity of the apes' stronghold. Therefore the Old One himself often did duty now as sentinel. One could see him, particularly at the dangerous sunset hour, humped, evil and lowering, silhouetted upon the highest rock, a gargoyle figure of pure gamboge.

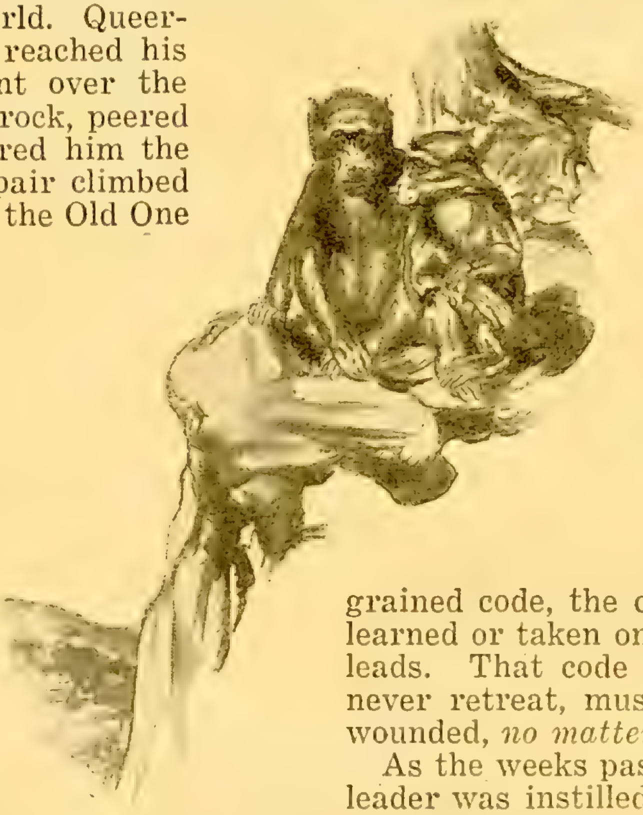
BETWEEN Chacma and his father that winter affairs became even more aggravated than ever. Ma was absorbed with a new youngster who had become to her the sun, moon, and all the stars. And Chacma! Chacma could now make love! He had a way with him, a presence, if you please, that was not lost upon the eligible flappers of the tribe. Times beyond number the Old One would descend with a venomous rush from his cave and charge some knot of sirens who had clustered close to Chacma. A vicious bite here that left a red shoulder gash, followed in the same instant by a rebound like a rubber ball to a second and third, with a series of cuffs quick as snakes' strokes, and, as all vanished scampering in terror, his remorseless galloping drive of Chacma to his own cave, ending in a coughing clash of their powerful steel-hard bodies, was a confession of mortal jealousy, a warning to Chacma concerning the future.

Spring and summer came again and the veldt grew tawny as a lion, and the band one day by common consent flitted back to their old stronghold on the southern krantze. The time was approaching when a definite clash must come between Chacma and his sire for supremacy. His development was now such that he might have been taken for a fighting jock of six or seven instead of five. He was more than a match for any of the young bucks and was boldly disputing rights of priority with the elders of the band. He stood almost as high as the Old One now, and, vulgarly speaking, was feeling his oats stronger each day, though truth was he did not as yet dream of the true extent of his remarkable power. Only the Old One, I think, knew about that.



It was now, when even the elders had begun to watch the trend of things with growing interest, that nature worked one of those grim, swift turnovers for which she is celebrated. As the band after their long march swarmed up the wall of the old krantze, something like a loop of dirty water flung itself from one of the lower cave mouths. It was a ringhals, that fatal spitting cobra of South Africa, whose bite is certain death. The line of apes broke and fled on either side of the slithering horror, with coughings and grimacings of terror—all but one, who stayed where he was, his body curving back upon itself in seeming agony.

It was the Old One who had been foremost in the advancing line, and the serpent, lightly flicking him in passing—swifter than any eye could follow—had left behind a one-way ticket to another world. Queerly enough it was Chacma who first reached his sire in his terrible plight. He bent over the Old One as he hunkered low upon a rock, peered deep into the sunken eyes, then offered him the support of his back. Together the pair climbed to one of the cave mouths, the arm of the Old One about his son, as if at the end they had rubbed out the old bad blood between them, as perhaps in truth they had. For some ten minutes the leader lay on his side on the floor of the cave, his hard, red-brown eyes unchanged, intractable, implacable as ever. Then, struggling upward suddenly without a sound, he stooped his head fiercely to the ground in challenge to the last supreme Enemy, and died.



So it was that Chacma, without even clashing with his sire for the honor, found himself automatically in line for the leadership of the band. For some four months after the death of the Old One, the tribe was ruled by a clique of privy councilors, so to speak—a number of the old men functioning jointly as leaders.

Then without warning came that day when Chacma took the reins in his own hands. He was by now quite grown up, a giant of his kind, such a baboon as hunters may glimpse once in many expeditions covering years—or never see at all, though there are doubtless many more of them than are recorded. He had taken to himself a mate, nay, two mates, in this interim, and was looking with jealous eyes upon certain others. And what a year before had been mere precocious smartness, cheek, roguery, sleight-of-finger mischief and affectation, had turned with his full strength into sheer ferocity, selfishness, bullying, blustering, tyrannous temper, and a deep-laid, wicked craft of dominance. He was his father all over again.

FOR some time thereafter there was a deal of rebellion against him; but Chacma put that down in no uncertain way. As no other male, young or old, could hope to prevail against him, he quite automatically found himself master of the tribe and its destiny, dictator of all its travels and its strategies. But beneath the surface of things subtle dissension still continued. Chacma had come up too easily. He had yet to be tested to win the trust of the elders, for in the wild there are dangers and disadvantages in assuming authority even a few months before it is earned in its ripeness.

That rebel rashness of his youth still lived in Chacma, linked now with the devil's own temper, which could be expected to land the whole band in unholy conflict at any hour or minute, and frequently did. It showed itself in a restless dissatisfaction with the old ways, old laws, and old places of the band. That summer therefore was one of constant roving and vicissitude.

Month by month, his restless spirit strangely unappeased, Chacma led and drove his people from krantze to rocky krantze, always northward and inland, breaking all the laws of his kind. Somehow in the heart of the young leader strange things beckoned, instincts that would not let him rest—visions of wild remote places far, far in the hinterland; of vast kloofs towering above some virgin stretch of bush where man never penetrated, basking in the silent peace of remoteness; of shaded streams where the wild game of the plains drank undisturbed in their herds and their hundreds; of himself a ruler in very truth, not of a scant fourscore people, but of many hundreds. Each scented breeze as the band advanced churned up fresher, keener pictures in the big ape's mental horizon.

The band, though loath at times to follow, yet held together as one beast through that wonderful discipline ingrained by thousands and thousands of years of band law which, like that other but less imposing system of pack law, brooked no compromise, permitted no delay or hesitation. Utter, unquestioning obedience was required, and in every crisis given. Any who refused would be left alone, banned, outcast, cast adrift upon the sea of life; and that, of course, for an ape was unthinkable.

THEY never tarried longer than a few days at any point, and as they traveled Chacma proved to the elders that he was born to the rôle. It was to be seen in the utter fearlessness that blazed from his close-set reddish eyes and every angle of his ropy tail with its bushy battle tuft, which in a baboon is no mere caudal appendage but a flag of valor and patriotism that is never lowered except in death. Also in his ingrained code, the chacma code, which is no thing to be learned or taken on, but is bred in the blood of him who leads. That code demands that a baboon leader must never retreat, must turn back and assist the weak or wounded, *no matter what the strength of the enemy.*

As the weeks passed, the new bold blood of the young leader was instilled into all; they came by degrees to be wholly dominated by that strange wild strain in Chacma's blood. Dormant for many generations in their clan, it had risen in a tide in this new ruler, usurping the tribe. They grew leaner, harder, and fitter through the weeks—a band of conquerors at the heels of a monkey Manu, making new chapters of baboon history.

On the open stretches of veldt they traveled instinctively in a crescent-shaped formation like a Zulu impi on the march, and thus they met and bested some of the grimmest of their hereditary enemies of the plains. Many times the ranks closed up in battle array, as some low moan or harsh sawing snarl told of a lion hunting close. Once they were attacked by a pair of hunting leopards who strove to break through the fighting formation to the young that were bunched in the middle. After one brief clash, however, the spotted killers removed into the scenery with speed, knowing well they were lucky to have escaped intact from the wave of fighting jocks that had all but submerged them.

Once, coughing and barking defiance, the band defied a pack of wild hunting dogs of the veldt, dumb as Death, their master, who hung to the flanks of the travelers half one night until a rocky perpendicular kloof was reached which only apes or flies could navigate. Always by day they had to be wary of the great black eagles of the veldt, who with their wing spread of more than six feet could drop like bolts from the blue and carry off a half-grown baboon in their grappling hook claws.

Always, too, as they went, there followed in their wake certain down-at-the-heels bolshevists of the brute creation, in particular hyenas and jackals, watching for what in the sick or injured cub line might by some fluke die or be left behind.

At night, when no other protection was afforded, the band would creep into some natural abatis of bristling six-inch thorns, of which there were many on the veldt, nicely calculated to discourage the fiercest prowlers that preyed.

They came in time to a wild remote region where the veldt gave way to straggling bush. From a slight rise the baboons looked down upon a new world. Below them lay the interminable shadowy nyika, the dread gray thorn bush with its million spikes, which never has and never will be conquered, a place of terror by night and a shadowy mystery even by day. Down among the trees came the loud shouts of feeding hornbills and the melancholy "Go away, go away," of the gray-crested lories as they sailed in dipping flights from tree to tree.

Beyond, and looming above the sea of thorn and stretching far into the distance, rose a vast rampart of tawny kloofs with a small stream winding in and out among their toes; sandstone, shade, and water in abundance were there, and doubtless many caves among the rocks well suited for the sheltering of the band. Everywhere penetrating the mazes of the thorn were game trails of the wild folk, thousands of years old, and nowhere a sign of man.

All that day the mysterious influence in his blood that had led Chacma ever farther inland had been especially strong. Almost everything he had encountered in his journey heretofore was strange to him, but not this. As he looked out upon this new land a great excitement stirred within him. It was almost as if he had been in this place before—the year before, perhaps. Everything was strange, yet nothing was either new or forbidding. He had come here in blind obedience to that whisper of instinct that was in his blood, not even knowing what it was he sought. Now, all at once, he knew he had arrived at his goal.

That was late afternoon. The band drank at the stream, then climbed to the towering kloofs above. Four times the height of the old krantzes they had known were these gigantic cliffs of tawny sandstone, and the faces of them were pitted with ancient caves, just as Chacma had known they would be. Some of them had undoubtedly been the habitats of Bushmen, those wild pygmy hunters who know more of the animals and their secrets than any other humans; but many more were the homes of the baboon folk.

IN a swift, exultant rush and almost with the surety of old familiarity, Chacma led his followers upward. Though they could not know it, they had returned to that remote and secret spot from which the ancestors of all the baboons of the southern veldts had migrated centuries before perhaps, led by nothing but that echo of an urge descended to Chacma from some long-gone ancestor.

By the time the bulbuls were playing vespers on their silver flutes the tribe was ensconced among the highest caves and grottoes of the kloof. It was just before the sun dropped from sight beyond the sea of the thorn bush, its horizontal rays painting the rocks in blood and gold, that Chacma, sitting on the highest pinnacle, caught an indistinct blurred movement upon the rim of another kloof a mile or more away. Vague forms seemed massing and eddying upon the highest rocks.

It was much too far away to see with clarity, yet Chacma knew. In that moment he knew all about why he had come here. Another great band of chacmas, far larger than his own small following, inhabited those distant cliffs, perhaps many hundreds strong. It was these that he had come to lord it over by virtue of his great size and strength, his prowess and his dauntless daring. Aye, he had come to be Baboon King over all the apes of the nyika, no less, though he hadn't even known about that till now.

In the early morning Chacma began his campaign against the rival tribe, quite as any human conqueror might have done. Slowly and with utmost stealth he reconnoitered to spy out the enemy territory, his band following circuitously in his wake. About noon they peered from a remote rim of rocks upon an amazing spectacle. Before them a double rampart of reddish kloof rising three hundred feet sheer from the thorn scrub below, and honeycombed throughout with hundreds and hundreds of caves that were the homes of the baboon horde. They stretched away for miles to the north and east, and apparently all the apes that peopled them were of a single great band, split up into subtribes, but all subservient to one chief tribe and leader. Here, beyond doubt, was the mother tribe of the baboon race, a sanctuary that had never been disturbed.

FOR an hour Chacma watched. Then he who was lord paramount over all the apes of that region appeared. A great red-ruffed, lowering beast, mightier even than Chacma, ripe in years and evil, terrible in his brutal pride of power, he came swarming up the face of the cliff to the pinnacle, his subjects leaping aside in dread as he passed, some of the younger bucks falling quite over backward in their anxiety to give him room. A great stirring and excitement was evident all along the cliff and even upon the far-distant rocks as the old ruffian reached the pinnacle and turned to sweep his fierce scowling gaze across his dominion. Squatting on his hams he scratched contemplatively, then hollowed his cheeks, showing his long, yellowed fangs.

"Bauw, baughm!"

His deep hollow roar went ricocheting along the cliffs, and instinctively the hair on Chacma's back bristled like a roach in challenge. And then he saw Her—the other reason for his long crusade.

You or I would have seen nothing but an ordinary slim young female baboon, a bit larger than the ordinary perhaps, and finely proportioned, but to Chacma she was all of wonder and allurement. For some ten minutes he watched intently from his ambush; saw the manner in which the old leader, no matter how seemingly occupied, kept her ever in his range of

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vision; saw with a fury of jealous rage that he had singled her out from the many eligibles in his band as a favorite. That was enough for Chacma—it was, in fact, too much. He decided to deal with that situation, and at once!

And so we have him, after some twenty minutes in which the ground seemed to have swallowed him up, appearing suddenly as if from the rocks themselves at the end of the upper street of caves. The slithering bound of his arrival on that populous thoroughfare was as startling as it was dramatic, nor did he give any time for recovery.

It was madness, no less, for him to brave the death and worse that is meted out to any who deliberately rouse the wrath of a baboon band. One can only lay it to love at first sight and the unconscionable daring of the impetus that had driven him here. Before any were rightly aware of it, he had cut out the slim young female from the rest of the band in one swift and agile rush and was driving her before him back the way he had come at a hand gallop with a great show of fierce and merciless wrath. Up and up he drove her till the rim of the kloof was reached and the one way back was blocked by himself and his band. Then he turned back to meet the wrath which followed in the form of the giant Red One.

On the topmost pinnacle of the kloof the leaders met—Chacma saw to that, knowing how sorely his band was outnumbered. But, as fortune would have it, the giant Red One in his fury of personal jealousy saw fit to deal with this intruder single-handed.

THE demoniacal frenzy of the battle that was joined up there on the rim is well-nigh impossible to describe. Following the awful, tense moment in which the two beasts stopped dead and stared one another measuringly between the eyes, it was so swift and eye-deceiving in its rushes, feints, and fiendish clinches and breakaways that one could not say which was the punished or which the punisher. Half the time they fought on all fours, with vicious chops of their fighting fangs; again upstanding, wrestling, worrying, and rending like things demented with cable-like fingers, the black arts of the Pit in their frightful mowing grimaces, coughings, and curses.

Times they fell still, locked jowl to neck, cordlike muscles standing out on their great arms as they slowly strangled one another with handholds, or worked dark diableries of the wrestling art with black fingers, trying to tear one another's very muscles out by the roots. Times they skittered spiderlike round and round some fang of rock in a game of feint and dodge, red-hot devils upon the hot rocks. A slip or disablement meant an abysmal plunge of two hundred feet or more to a mangled death in the thorn scrub below. All of this amid a skirling, yammering, and howling from the watching horde of apes below, as of half a thousand Highlanders playing a dirge on their bagpipes.

It was evident from the outset that the fighters were well matched—horribly well matched. What the red tyrant had over Chacma in actual bulk the latter made up in greater agility and topped with that bottomless valor and assurance that lived in his great heart, the heart of a tribe leader.

For more than a quarter of an hour the battle lasted, the watchers below refraining as by tacit agreement from any interference. Then, while the very vultures in the blue above paused in their gliding, came finis. The battlers had swarmed crablike up to the sharpened peak of the highest rock spire, when the old red reprobate, his smoldering bloodshot eyes hell-pitted with fury, resorted to trickery. Seizing a firm hold on the rocks with his handlike feet, he flung out viciously at Chacma in a moment when the latter hung teetering on the very tip of the pinnacle, his intent being to send the younger beast hurtling into space.

CHACMA came loose from the rock as intended, but space did not receive him. It was the Red One's unprotected neck and torso, left open to the foe for the briefest fraction of time, and there Chacma gripped and clung like a leech, vise-like fingers and all cutting teeth at play. Back against the rocks the old one flung himself, gripping desperately under the double weight, only one hand free. And Chacma, brave as any maniac, let him cling for two.

Followed one of the grimmest death rides on record, even among gangsters of the wild—the ride the Red One took, slithering, clawing, and gripping in frenzy, back to the level rocks below, with Chacma atop of him, choking like a garroter, chopping like a meat grinder. The old tyrant could have sprung into space and ended it for both of them had he willed, but it wasn't in him. The alternative was some twenty-five feet of sheer hand climbing, and he was done for before ever he reached his goal, his throat and under parts laid open and spouting red; but he held up long enough to carry Chacma back to life and safety. In the moment Chacma sprang free, the other pitched forward into space. There was a stir and gibber of horror in the ranks of the onlookers. Then the rocks moaned once, far below.

Torn and terrible, red and hardly recognizable, but with his sure nerve and cunning still unshaken, Chacma took up business just where he had left off. Found the slim, fine young female and continued to drive her, not unwillingly now, in the wake of his own band to the safe lairs they had found the day before. That night there was great howling and mourning on the kloof tops for the fallen monarch. In the middle of it all Chacma, like the great general he was, appeared suddenly amid the leaderless band and began his work of organization then and there. The moment was psychologically perfect, and Chacma must have put the thing over in a big way, for when the dawn came he was sitting on the Red One's high lookout, his new-won bride close by.

THE END

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DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

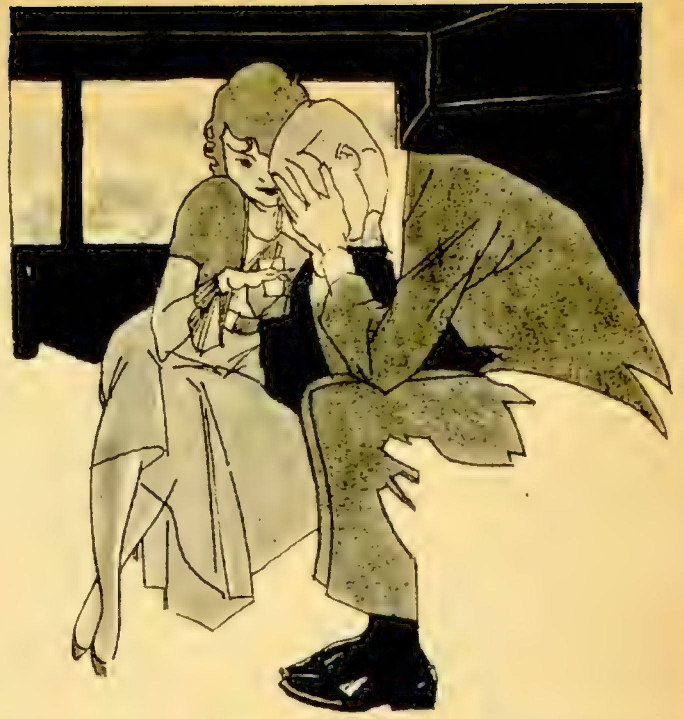
PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS APRIL 22 1933
CARE CHIEF OF POLICE
LAKE FOREST ILL
CERTAINLY ROBBERY WAS FAKED STOP CHADWICK SLIPPED BADLY WHEN HE SAID HE SAW MAN CLIMB LADDER *OPEN* WINDOW AND ENTER HIS BEDROOM STOP AS YOU FOUND LADDER HOOKED TO INSIDE SILL THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE STOP HOLD CHADWICK FOR INVESTIGATION
E F CAVANAUGH

AIRPLANES Make Me Sick

A Short Short Story

By

DORIS MONTAGUE



(Reading time: 5 minutes 7 seconds.)

LUCY ALLEN laid her cards down on the little table, and the hard-featured matron across from her glared.

"Umph!" she said harshly through the drone of the trimotored plane. "You could have raised me one. We'd have made game."

"I'm so sorry." Lucy was close to tears. This was her third trip as hostess for the American Airways Transcontinental Service. And nothing in the little book of instructions told you how to please three bridge fiends who thought every bid you made was a deliberate attempt to mislead them.

There was no relief in sight. They were on the long jump between Cheyenne and Omaha, and these women were going all the way to Chicago.

"The first thing to learn about bridge," one of them said severely, "is how to count up your hand."

Well, the instruction book said to "maintain an atmosphere of charm in a dignified but friendly manner." Lucy tried. All three women stared at her, and her partner said sharply, "Don't look so superior, miss. We're only trying to help you!"

"I—I wasn't—I didn't—" she stammered. And then the meek little man in the raincoat tapped her on the shoulder.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said, "but the passenger down there looks kind of sick."

Lucy jumped to her feet. "You'll have to excuse me," she said joyously, and looked carefully around the cabin. It was the tall dark man, alone in the back seat.

Airsickness didn't hit many, but it always hit the ones you didn't expect. She had noticed him when he got in the plane—a broad-shouldered, sun-bronzed creature who looked as though he'd never been sick a day in his life. And now his face was buried in his hands and he was groaning softly.

She hurried to his side with a glass of the fruit lemonade that will sometimes help in mild cases. He took a sip and shook his head.

"This is terrible," he said. "I feel awful!"

"This is a very smooth trip," she said soothingly. "I think you must have eaten something that disagreed with you. Are you careful of your diet?"

"Can't be," he mumbled. "I'm alone in the world. Eat around in hotels."

Lucy shook her blonde head at him admonishingly.

"But that's not the trouble," he added, with another groan. "I feel so nervous I'm afraid it's upset my stomach. Could you just stay here and talk to me? I don't feel so nervous when you're talking."

"That's part of my job," she assured him. "But you mustn't feel nervous. We all think this is the safest way in the world to travel!"

"That's part of your job, too," he said suspiciously. "You're paid to say that. But I keep thinking, suppose something went wrong—some little tiny thing. With us thousands of feet above the earth—"

"But nothing will," she said firmly. "These planes are all tested—every single thing gone over and checked off—"

He waved her to silence. "Let's not think about it," he said faintly. "Talk about something else. Just talk."

He lay back in the seat and she got a cold compress for his head. Then she sat down and talked to him. She told him about her family in Salt Lake City. She told him all the amusing and dramatic things that had happened while she was taking her required nurse's training.

She had to leave him to serve the lunch; but his eyes followed her around the cabin so pitifully that when she had finished she was back at his side, in spite of the three matrons who hated three-handed bridge and were holding up their game waiting for her.

He was such a sweet boy, and so grateful to her. And he was so ashamed of himself. She assured him again and again that airsickness was nothing to be ashamed of. It was just because he wasn't used to flying, and he happened to be a little more high-strung and imaginative than some other people. Anyway, she was sure that it was the hotel and lunch-room food that had really done it. "Too much grease," she observed expertly. Most people had too much grease in their diet. You had to be a dietitian as well as a nurse for this job.

Pretty soon, she told him, they would be stopping in Omaha for refueling. She would have to leave him, and he was to walk around the field. He'd feel much better.

"I WAS thinking of taking a train from Omaha," he said, "unless you're going on to Chicago; or if I'm taking too much of your time."

"Oh, yes indeed, I'm going to Chicago. And you're not taking too much of my time. And that's what I'm for."

He looked at her gratefully. He even pressed her hand.

At Omaha he wandered about by himself and kept away from the hangar. He didn't notice that one of the mechanics was staring at him and that his features lighted up in delighted recognition.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" he shouted. "Johnny Brown!" Johnny whirled at the sound of his name. "Well, howdy!" The mechanic stuck out a grimy paw. "Taking a conductor's holiday, hey? And you picked the best-looking hostess of the bunch!"

"Shut up!" Johnny whispered, looking around him nervously. "Shut up, you fool! I've been airsick as hell."

The other stared and then burst into loud guffaws. "What'll she say when she finds out you're the crack pilot of Airways?"

"She's not going to find it out," Johnny said severely, "unless you keep on shooting off your mouth. It's a long way to Chicago, and I expect to be an engaged man before we pass Des Moines."

"Gosh!" The mechanic shook his head admiringly. "Well, she's a cute little kid all right."

"She is," Johnny said fondly. "A cute little kid. And a lousy little bridge player. Somebody's got to take her out of the service."

THE END

Born to Raise Hell

By TEX O'REILLY as told to LOWELL THOMAS

With Garibaldi in Venezuela—Overwhelmed by Treachery—A Fugitive in the Jungle—Cockeyed Crusaders—One Ranger Against a Lynching Mob—Off to Free Mexico

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

(Reading time: 21 minutes 35 seconds.)

TEX'S various and amazing experiences in China after the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion were set forth in last week's installment of Born to Raise Hell. He recalled the grim finale of the Empress Dowager's practical joke on the Kaiser, when she sent a lowly barber, disguised as the heir to her throne, to kowtow to him in Germany. Tex then chuckled reminiscently over a slight misunderstanding between himself and General Chaffee of the United States army who, visiting Shanghai, took it for granted—until he saw Tex—that any officer of the staff of the Taotai of Kiangsu would be Chinese, and an interpreter would be needed.

Tex went on to tell, with reverence, of his discovery of the heroic Father McMahan, a missionary alone in a far province teeming with Boxers athirst to kill "foreign devils." He told also of the death in Shanghai of General Wilkinson, a fine old unreconstructed Southerner in voluntary exile, and of his funeral with its salute to his flag, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. Next, as a hero worshiper, Tex gave his recollections of Homer Lea, hunchbacked prophet and promoter of the Chinese revolution, whom he pronounced "the greatest man I ever knew."

He told of his homecoming from China, and of a knockabout period during which he got a job in a Wild West show at the St. Louis World Fair. There he met the Cherokee Kid, "a wizard with a rope," whose name was, and continues to be, Will Rogers. When the fair was over, Tex and Pepino Garibaldi, grandson of the Italian liberator, went looking for a war.

PART FIVE—THE ROAMING REVOLUTIONIST

THIS was in 1905. Castro had been dictator of Venezuela for years, and exiled Venezuelans were always starting revolutions against him. Ours was the Matos revolution. Garibaldi and I were offered commissions and we took them. I was chief of artillery.

We were sent down separately to be smuggled into the country. In those days there were no passports but every foreigner in Central America was watched. At La Guayra, the old Venezuelan port, I was stealthily put ashore and taken up the mountains. We drove into Caracas after dark, and I slipped into a certain drug store whose owner was one of the conspirators. There I met Garibaldi again; he had arrived a week before me and had been living hidden in the room behind the drug store. He was leaving before dawn to join the revolutionists in the interior.

For several days I stayed in Caracas awaiting orders. I slept in the back room of the drug store, but in the daytime I walked around openly. No one knew who I was.

When everything was ready for the revolution to start, a hack took me at night to an old ruined house on the edge of town. Five natives were waiting with horses, and we rode out into the interior. Along the way other groups joined us, till we were about a hundred men. The next night we joined the main column.

Chief of artillery! What a splendid title I had! But there was no artillery. There was one old smooth-bore cannon with a lot of iron balls, but the balls were too big for the bore; we could not use the cannon. There were two machine guns; one did not have a breechblock, and the other was an old Colt in bad shape. I fixed it up, and I was chief of this one machine gun, which might work and then again mightn't.

Garibaldi was with another column. There were three columns of these insurrectos, and they were to unite in the little town of Victoria and then march to attack Caracas. News had come that General Matos had landed in Venezuela, and next morning we started for Victoria.

There were about fourteen hundred men in our column, all Venezuelans. The only other foreigner in the outfit was a grizzled little Scotch sailor named Ferguson. He was assigned to me as aide, and I had nothing but trouble with him. He was drunk the whole time.

We went across country that was almost a jungle, broken here and there by sugar-cane fields and little wretched villages. There was almost no semblance of military organization; the column was just fourteen hundred ragged peons following their officers in bunches. They had all kinds of arms and most of them were barefooted.

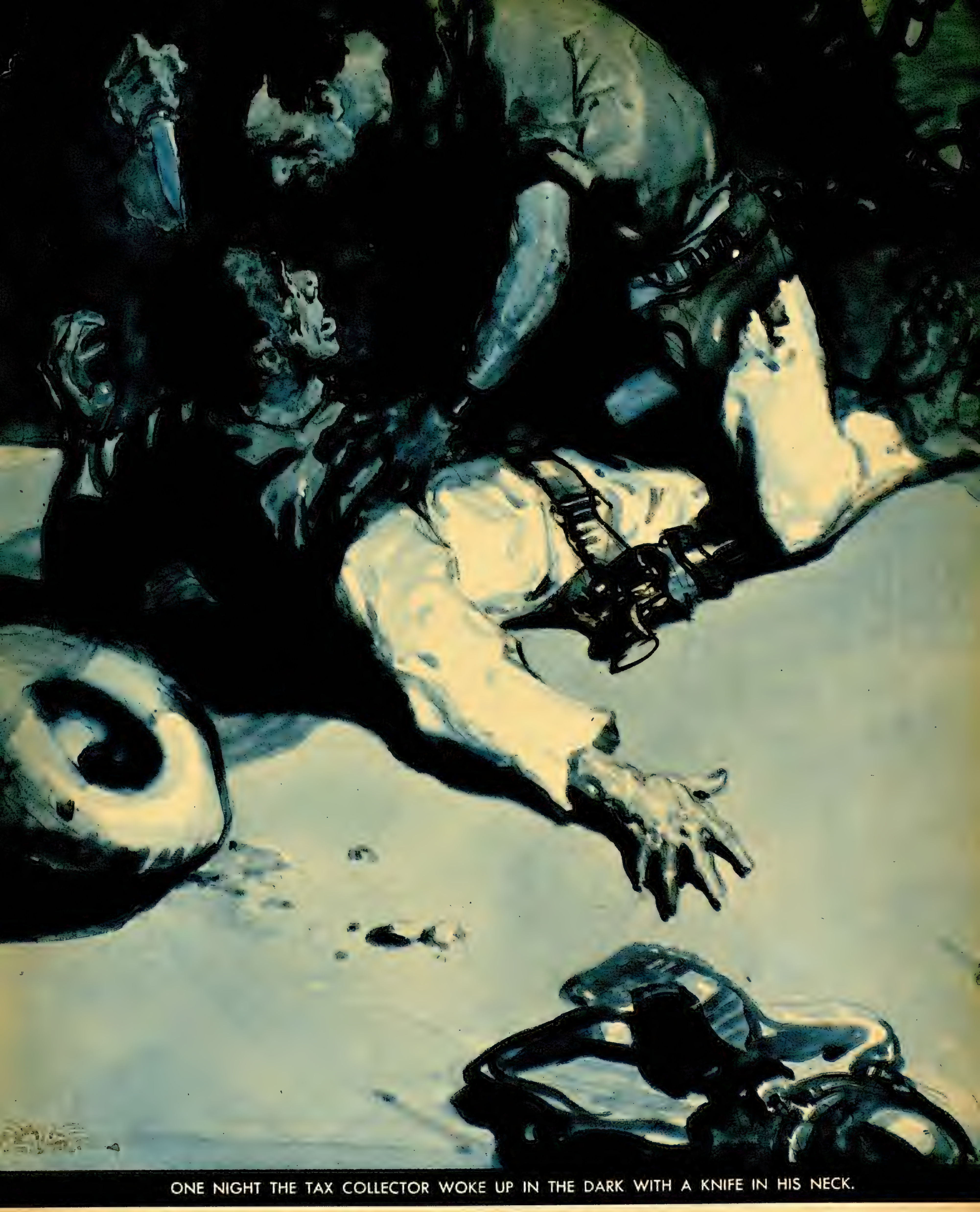
No fighting was expected until we attacked the capital. Victoria was with the insurrection. About six miles from town a committee met us, shook hands with all the officers, and told us everything was lovely—welcome to their city. Then we marched on in.

We came down a long lane, a country road bordered by fences and little shacks. Suddenly from both sides troops began firing into us. We were taken completely by surprise. Nobody knew what was happening, except that we were fighting two or three times our own number.

People laugh at these little South American revolutions, but more than half our men were killed that morning, and they were killed fighting.

You cannot laugh at those peons. They have rotten leaders, no decent arms or equipment, no commissary, no medical help, nothing; but they are game. They fight.

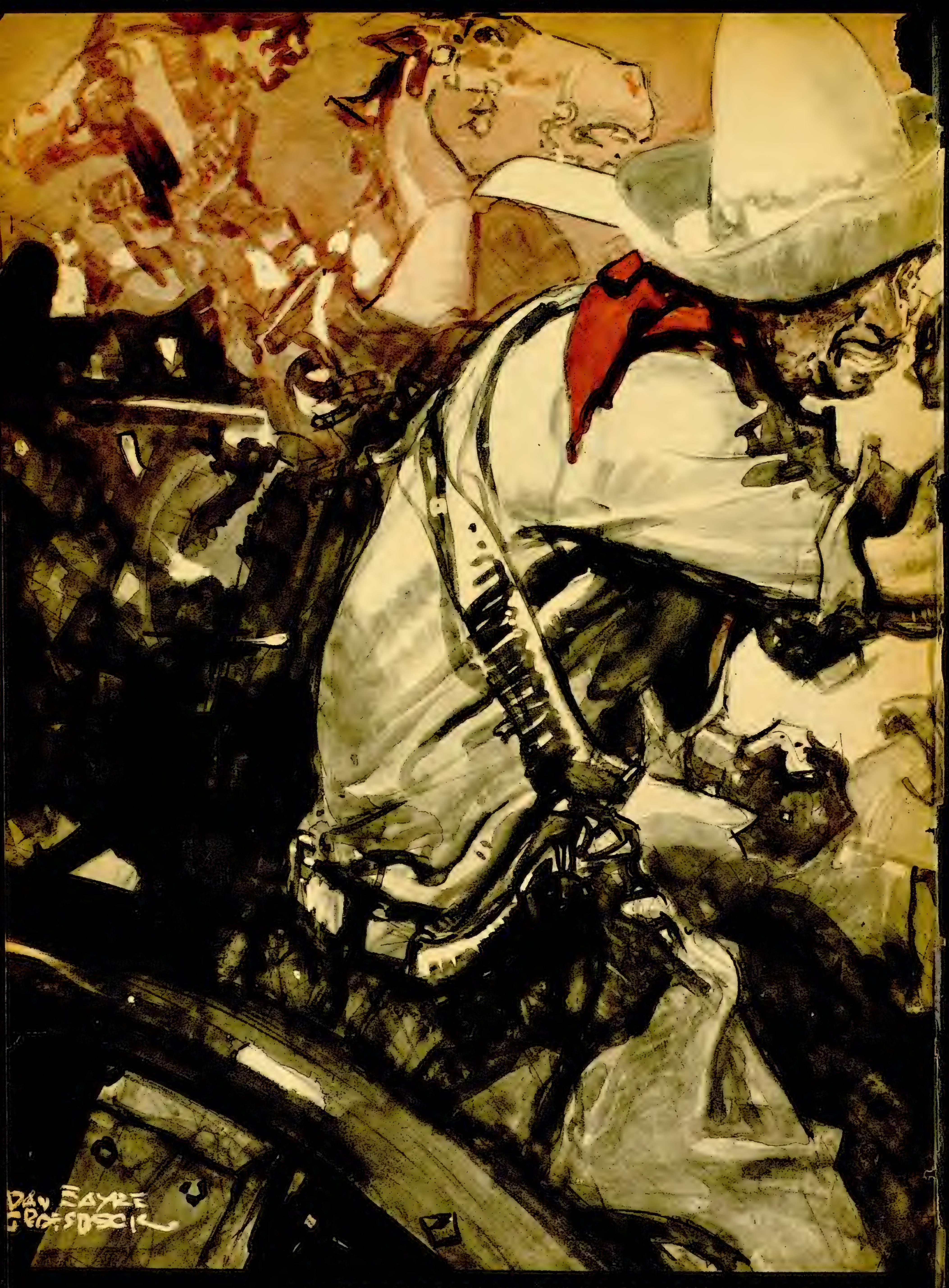
It was hand to hand with machetes. Each bunch



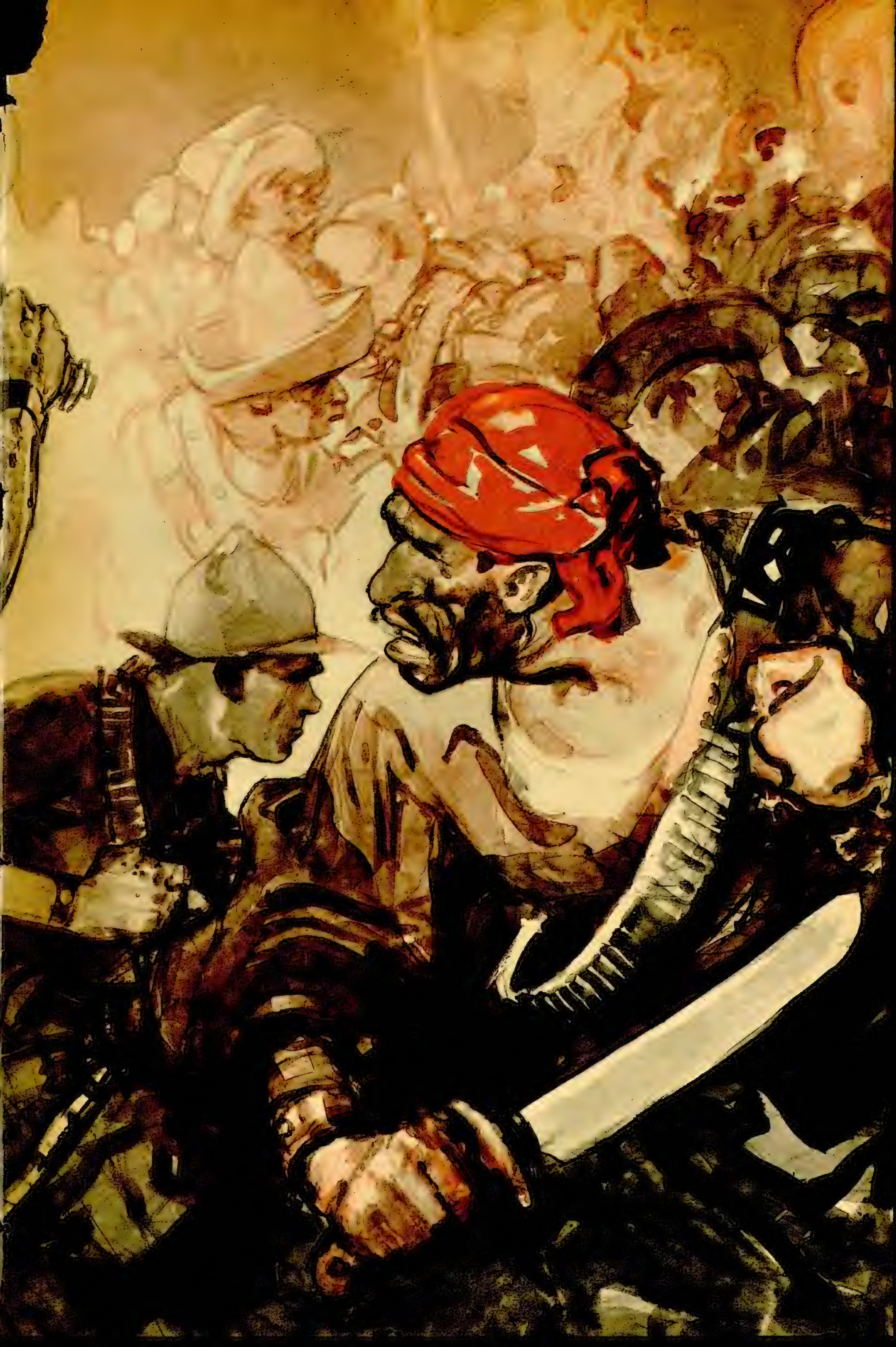
ONE NIGHT THE TAX COLLECTOR WOKE UP IN THE DARK WITH A KNIFE IN HIS NECK.

fought independently, obeying its own officer. I got my machine gun set up. Ferguson was no use at all, running around drunk with a rifle and taking a wild shot now and then. The last time I saw him he had a roasted chicken slung on his back and bottles of booze sticking out of his pockets; his rifle was gone, and he was singing.

Two or three natives tried to help me, but they knew nothing about machine guns. The fighting was hot and heavy and I blazed away, handling the gun myself. It was a knock-down-and-drag-out fight between mobs. Half a dozen times the Federals came near getting me. They kept charging the gun, and those fighting wildcats of ours held them off with machetes. Three times I had to move the gun back. The tripod weighs sixty pounds, the


Dan Sayre Groesbeck

THE FIGHTING WAS HOT. HALF A DOZEN TIMES THE FEDERALS CAME NEAR GETTING ME



THEY KEPT CHARGING THE GUN, AND THOSE WILDCATS HELD THEM OFF WITH MACHETES.

gun fifty; when we moved back I took the gun on my back and the spiggoties carried tripod and ammunition.

It was an all-round, dirty, hot, hand-to-hand fight. We were falling back all the time; we didn't get any help. I couldn't imagine why our other two columns didn't show up. The third time I set up the gun and went into action with it, the fellows who had been helping me disappeared. The Federals were closing in. More than half our men were dead, most of the others wounded and scattering in groups and singly, on the run; the Federals were chasing them down. We were licked.

The gun was no good because I couldn't move it without help. I put the breechblock in my pocket and dumped the gun down a well. For all I know it's there yet.

I took to the sugar-cane fields and the woods, dodging back and forth and crawling along ditches till I got away from the Federals. Pretty soon I struck a group of eight or ten of our men and we started off together across country.

ELEVEN of us stuck together two weeks. We did not dare go near any town, or stay two nights in the same place. We climbed up and down hills and waded streams and marched along jungle trails, much of the time in pouring rain. Now and then we came to a clearing and a few miserable huts, an isolated village, and the peons welcomed us because they were in sympathy with any revolution against Castro. They gave us warning of the Federals' movements and told us the news.

Our revolution was ended with that one big fight. Victoria had gone over to Castro, been bought off or something, and so had our other two columns. One had refused to fight; the other had gone into Victoria and turned against us. It was that column, our own men, who fired into us and slaughtered us that day.

Naturally Garibaldi had not been in any plot to betray the revolution, so the other officers had arrested him while he was asleep and turned him over to Castro. He was in jail, sentenced to death. As for Matos, he had skipped out of the country again without getting anywhere near any fighting.

Garibaldi came within a few minutes of facing the firing squad. But he was an Italian citizen, and at the last minute the Italian consul succeeded in saving him.

Meanwhile the federal troops were hunting us down like rabbits, killing every insurrecto they could catch. They offered a reward of two thousand pesos for me. That is only nine hundred dollars or so in American money, but to the peons it was a fortune. In the villages I ran across a couple of posters describing me; it was not a flattering description, but they had my height. I was so much taller than the natives that I was easily identified.

Finally the eleven of us camped three or four days in one little hamlet. It was not safe, but we were worn out and I was having daily attacks of malarial fever and chills. All of us were discouraged and suspicious of each other.

One of us carried a considerable sum of money. He was tax collector for the revolution; he had collected the money as taxes and he carried it in two little satchels hidden under his coat. Only the eleven of us knew about it, and there had been several attempts to rob him.

One night the tax collector woke up in the dark with a knife in his neck; he saved the money, but he lost his nerve completely. Next morning he said to me:

" Now this money doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the revolution, but I can't turn it over to Matos. I wish you would take it. If we get out alive, at some future time you can use it to start another revolution in Venezuela."

I said, " Sure I'll take that money."

He heaved a big sigh of relief and handed it over. I didn't know how much it was, but it made my life just that much more valuable to anybody who wanted to take it, and every morning two or three of our faithful little band had melted away. I made up my mind that if I stayed in that village it was only a question of time till I'd be killed, or captured, which meant the same thing.

On the other hand I saw no future in taking to the jungles again.

Only three or four insurrectos were left, and one of them was an eighteen-year-old lieutenant who spoke some broken English. He was a slim little youngster but a real hombre, so I took him aside and said:

" Now you and I are going right back through the federal lines into Caracas. We'll have a better chance hiding under their noses than out here."

That night we struck out for Los Teques, a good-sized town on the railroad. The little lieutenant slid into town in the dark and got in touch with some friends who told him where the Federals were. They were patrolling the railroad and the main wagon roads.

Next night at dusk we started toward Caracas. The lieutenant knew that country. For three nights we walked all night, keeping away from roads and towns and houses. During the day we hid.

THE fourth evening we got into the suburbs of Caracas and the lieutenant guided me till we were near the drug store. Then he went away to seek his relatives, and I walked boldly into the store.

When the druggist looked up and saw me he almost fainted. He shook worse than I was shaking with the ague, and he said:

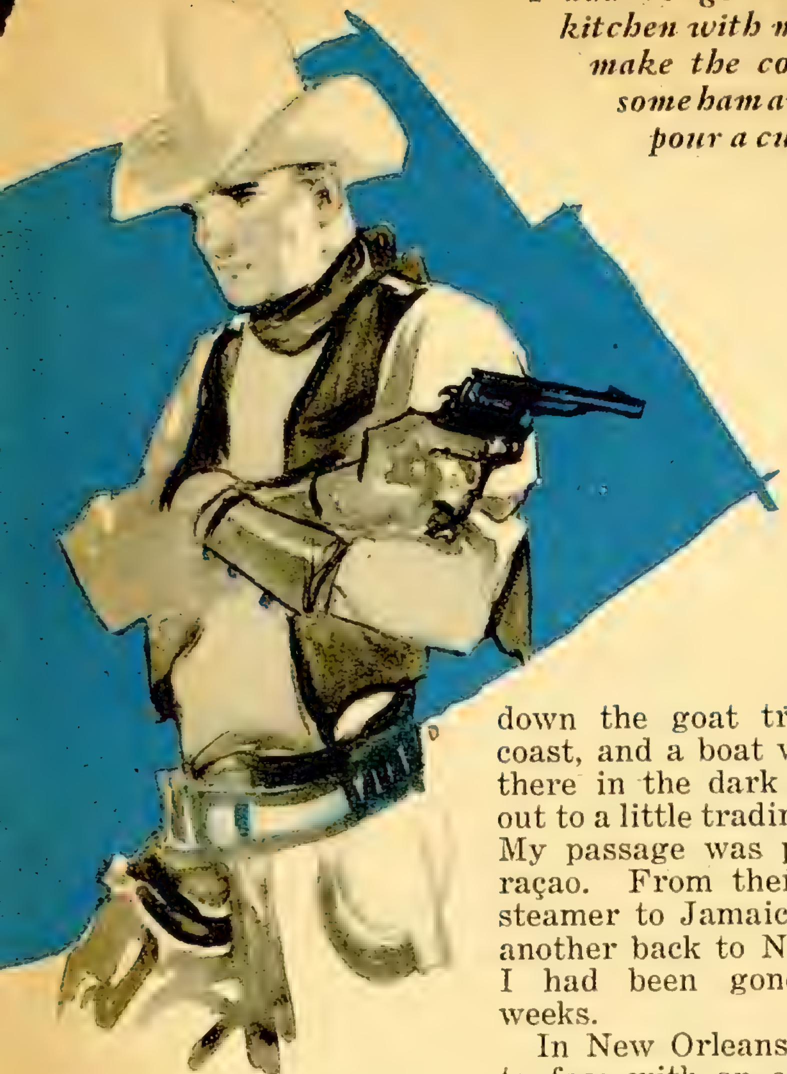
" Get out of here, quick! Get out! My God, if they see you they'll kill me! "

" Well," I said, " my life is lost anyway, and how much do you suppose I care about yours? You revolutionists brought me in here, and it's up to you to get me out. If I'm arrested, you're arrested. If I am killed, so are you. Figure that out."

He stood there opening and shutting his mouth like a fish, and I walked into the back room.

I stayed there for days. The druggist hid me; he didn't dare do anything else. He brought me a razor and some food and quinine, and next day the little lieutenant sent me clothes and a bottle of cognac.

There was an iron-barred window in the back room and I used to sit there and watch the federal officers going by. If I had stepped into the street they would have shot me. The druggist lost pounds while I was there. He was as anxious to get me out of Venezuela as I was to go, and finally he fixed it up. A guide took me at night



I had to go back to the kitchen with my gun and make the cook fry me some ham and eggs and pour a cup of coffee.

down the goat trails to the coast, and a boat was waiting there in the dark to take me out to a little trading schooner. My passage was paid to Curaçao. From there I took a steamer to Jamaica, and then another back to New Orleans. I had been gone only six weeks.

In New Orleans I was face to face with an ethical problem. I still had that Venezuelan money which had been collected for the revolution. I changed it into American money, and it was about six thousand dollars. It was not my money, but whose was it?

There is always a bunch of soldiers of fortune hanging around New Orleans. Lee Christmas had won his revolution in Guatemala, but a number of others had come back from the wars broke, out of luck. So I divided the six thousand dollars with them, and with my share I got a good outfit of cowboy clothes and started out through Texas, following the rodeos.

IT was a great life but it did not last long. I dropped into the old town of San Saba to see my father's old partner, John Blakeney, a fine old Civil War veteran and a great friend of our family. There I met his daughter again. I had known her when she was five or six years old, a little yellow-pigtailed child.

So I stayed there a few weeks and fell in love and decided to settle down. I went down to San Antonio and got a newspaper job, and then came back and Dixie and I were married.

I thought my fighting days were ended, but six years later the Mexican revolution started, and I knew Madero. The Mexican revolution was really three wars, and I was in them all, from the first battle to the finish.

When the first war started we were living on a ranch in west Texas, near Sanderson in the Big Bend country.

All those years I had been sticking fairly closely to newspaper work, with only one little excursion down into Nicaragua, where I fought in only one battle.

I could not keep out of the rodeos, but it was not dignified for a managing editor to be busting bronchos in the dust of the arena, so I used to sneak away and ride under my middle name, Synotte. If you will look in the records you will find that the championship of the first big rodeo, held at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1908, was won by Tex Synotte. I am proud of that championship.

I had also made the cross-country record horseback ride from San Antonio to Chicago, carrying the famous message from the Governor of Texas to President Taft. It was an invitation to visit Texas, which Taft was going to do anyway. We were really advertising the Texas land boom. I started to ride from San Antonio to Washington, but Taft changed his plans, so I rode to Chicago.

I had a wonderful time on that ride. It was a hard grind; I averaged forty-four miles a day, but I lost a lot of time here and there and had to ride hard to make it up. The '89 Society was holding a convention in Oklahoma City; they welcomed me royally, made me a member of the society, and I spent a day there. In St. Louis there was a convention of National Advertising Clubs; I was guest of honor at a big banquet at the Jefferson Hotel, and my horse was brought in to eat oats from a big silver punch bowl at the head of the table.

A lot of funny things happened on that trip. I got forty-five written proposals of marriage, which I sent back to Mrs. O'Reilly. The oral ones I didn't count.

Reaching Chicago, I was given a choice of delivering my message to President Taft at a banquet that night, or at the West Side Ball Park where he was seeing a game that afternoon. I chose the park, and when the President and his party had been seated, they gave me a signal. I put my horse into a run and dashed out on the diamond, and I never heard such an uproar.

I was dressed up in Wild West regalia—chaps, six-shooter, big cowboy hat—and I charged up to the grandstand, pulled in my horse, and presented the parchment to President Taft. The amazing thing was that he recognized me; he remembered me from the days when I had commanded his bodyguard in the Philippines.

THE ride from San Antonio to Chicago was seventeen hundred miles, and for years it was recognized by the Cavalry Association as the endurance record. It has been broken several times recently, but I believe my ride from Crystal City to San Antonio still stands as the one-day endurance record.

One evening in San Antonio a few of us got into an argument as to how far a man could ride in a day. An old cattleman, one of the owners of Cross-X Ranch, bet I could average ten miles an hour.

The ranch was then being sold in small farms, and Crystal City had been started on it. The distance from Crystal City to San Antonio is just one hundred and forty miles, and I was to ride it in fifteen hours, one hour being allowed for eating and changing saddle. I rode seven different horses and made the one hundred and forty miles in fourteen hours, fifty minutes. That was the hardest trip I ever made, most of it in driving rain.

The Texas land boom was at its height, and such fortunes were being made that I decided to make one myself. I had accumulated quite a little property, and I sold it all and went into the land business.

A man from Kansas City was my partner. We opened offices in St. Louis and Chicago, and six months later I was a champion bankrupt. My partner got out from under, and when I paid up the firm's debts—seventeen hundred dollars—I was broke.

I got a job on the St. Louis Times, but I would not be paid for a week, and meanwhile I did not have a nickel for a cup of coffee. The 101-Ranch Wild West Show was playing in St. Louis, and it saved my life. I worked on the paper from 3 A. M. till noon, then rode in the show afternoon and evening, and religiously reported at the grub tent.

The show played two weeks, so when I drew my salaries at the end of the first week I was able to send for Mrs. O'Reilly and the boys, and everything was fine. But we were getting a little tired of city life, and not long after that we moved out to the ranch in west Texas.

I had a commission in the Texas Rangers and served for seven months with the famous Captain John Hughes. When I went into the Rangers he gave me a little lecture which is something to remember. It has often been useful to me. He said:

"Most of your work will be with excited men, mobs, and there are two things to remember. First: A Ranger must never lose his temper. If he does, he loses his hold as an officer of the law.

"Second: When you face a mob, look for the cockeyed man. There will always be one leader in that mob, and nine times out of ten he will be cross-eyed. Get him. Knock him out with your gun; kill him if necessary. Stop him—and you'll stop the mob."

I have found that is true. An invariable rule is that a hysterical mob is led by a cockeyed man. He isn't necessarily a bad man. Plenty of good men are that type. Something happens to their eyes. Then you can't control them; the only way to stop them is to kill them. And always people will follow them.

Pancho Villa was that type. When he lost his temper his eyes bulged and crossed. Criminals are the same; when they are dangerous their eyes go wrong. And crusaders—John Roach Straton used to get cockeyed when he was preaching. Aimee McPherson, too. She is a good-looking woman, but when she gets worked up her eyes cross.

Sometimes I think this world is run by cockeyed men.

The Rangers were started to protect settlers from the Indians. Texas fought a border warfare for one hundred and fifty years. The last fight was with the Apaches in 1885. When the Republic of Texas joined the United States, it stipulated in the treaty that it should have the right to maintain its own army. Texas is the only state which has that right, and the Rangers are the army of Texas.

WHEN I belonged to the service we had only four companies, nominally twelve men each, but really only nine or ten. That little handful of men carried the law into all lower Texas, a stretch of country as large as the whole of New York and New England.

In those days it was the highest honor to belong to the Rangers. The pay was nothing—a dollar a day. But young men who were worth millions thought it a fine thing to serve two or three years. That is all changed now. When the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect most of the old-time Rangers resigned. They did not like the idea that it was their duty to search the homes of their friends.

Most of our work was with bad men, outlaws. We arrested a number of them, of course, but we were not spectacular about it. A Ranger, like a good explorer, avoids adventures. For example, one time the judge in Ozona appealed to headquarters for a company of Rangers to protect a prisoner against a mob.

Ozona, a county seat up in the interior of west Texas, was then a little town of three or four hundred people. A Mexican had raped and killed a white woman there. It was the only case of the kind I ever heard of; Mexicans don't do that kind of thing. But this fellow was a half-wit, and there was no question about his guilt. He was in jail and the whole countryside was gathering to lynch him. We did not think a company was required to handle that, and I was sent up alone.

Before I started, Captain Hughes gave me one of the new Matson shotguns. A company in the East had just sent it to us to try. It was a thing that folded and hung out of sight under your arm; you jerked it out like a six-shooter and it snapped together, making a short gun that held four cartridges filled with buckshot, enough to clean out a roomful of people. But we had just got it, had never fired it, and did not know how it would work. I had my six-shooter and Winchester rifle too.

When I rode into Ozona the courthouse square was crowded. Hundreds of men had come in and more were coming; the whole town was excited. I went into the little office of the jail. The sheriff and the judge were there, and they were very much surprised because headquarters had sent only one man. They had expected twenty at least. The sheriff said:

"Now, this Mexican is guilty, no doubt of it, and I knew the woman he killed. Her people are fine people, respected ranchers here. These men outside are all friends of theirs and friends of mine, and if they start to take that damn' half-wit Mexican I am not going to shoot them down."

I said, "All right, you keep out of it. I will take charge."

They asked me if I was putting the county under martial law. A Ranger has that right; I could supersede the sheriff and take possession of the whole county and administer it under martial law. But I saw no need to do that, and I said, "No, but the state sends me here to protect this fellow, and whether he is guilty or not he has to have a fair trial. I have no scruples about shooting your friends, and if they attack this prisoner, I am sorry but I will have to shoot them."

This was early in the morning, and the Mexican's trial was set for ten o'clock. He was in the jail, and the mob was waiting for him to be brought out and taken across the square to the courthouse. I talked it over with the judge, and he said he would grant a change of venue to another county. So I said to him, "At ten o'clock you go ahead and call court as you always do."

In those little Texas towns the clerk of the court yells out of the court-room window, "Oyez, oyez, the court is now in session."

I said, "They will all be excited, I suppose, and they will crowd into the court room. Then you adjourn court. I will not bring the prisoner in. But you stay in the court room and keep the clerk there and the lawyers."

Then I went out to get some breakfast. It was a delicate situation. The crowd had found out that there was a Ranger in town, and everybody hated me for trying to protect that beast. Everybody within hearing was cursing me, but I had to take it. I went into a little restaurant and they refused to serve me. I had to go back to the kitchen with my gun and make the cook fry some ham and eggs and pour me a cup of coffee. And the mob gathered up around the restaurant—a couple of hundred men, and I knew they were all armed. While they had no right to carry concealed weapons, it was hunting season and they had a right to carry Winchesters.

ALL these people in the restaurant and outside were cursing me and telling me they were going to take that Mexican as soon as I brought him out of jail.

Then the clerk called court, and they all rushed into the square. I went into the jail and sat there. In a few minutes they all jammed into the court room, and then the judge adjourned court, and when the crowd found out there was nothing doing they came out and stood around, bragging about what they would have done. As soon as they were scattered around in the stores and along the sidewalks, I ran my prisoner across to the court room, and it did not take three minutes to hear him plead not guilty and give him a change of venue. According to law it had to be an open trial; I could not lock the court room. So I locked all the doors but one.

What the would-be lynchers did about it, and how he outguessed them, Tex will tell in next week's installment. He will go on to tell why he joined up with Madero for the first Mexican revolution of 1911, against Diaz, president and dictator, and how he and a few others stood off the Rurales, Diaz's famous ex-bandit mounties, in the first and hottest fight of the war.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Long Thought

ROBERTA, six, had had a quarrel with her grandmother and was feeling rather annoyed and peeved. To avoid further hard feelings her mother took her out. Later, on the way to the store with her mother, she looked up into her face and asked: "Mother, how long do grandmothers generally live?"—L. Clinton Fogg, 43 Pearl Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Same Language

MY baby daughter was chattering baby talk and a friend's boy interestedly asked me:

"What is she saying?"

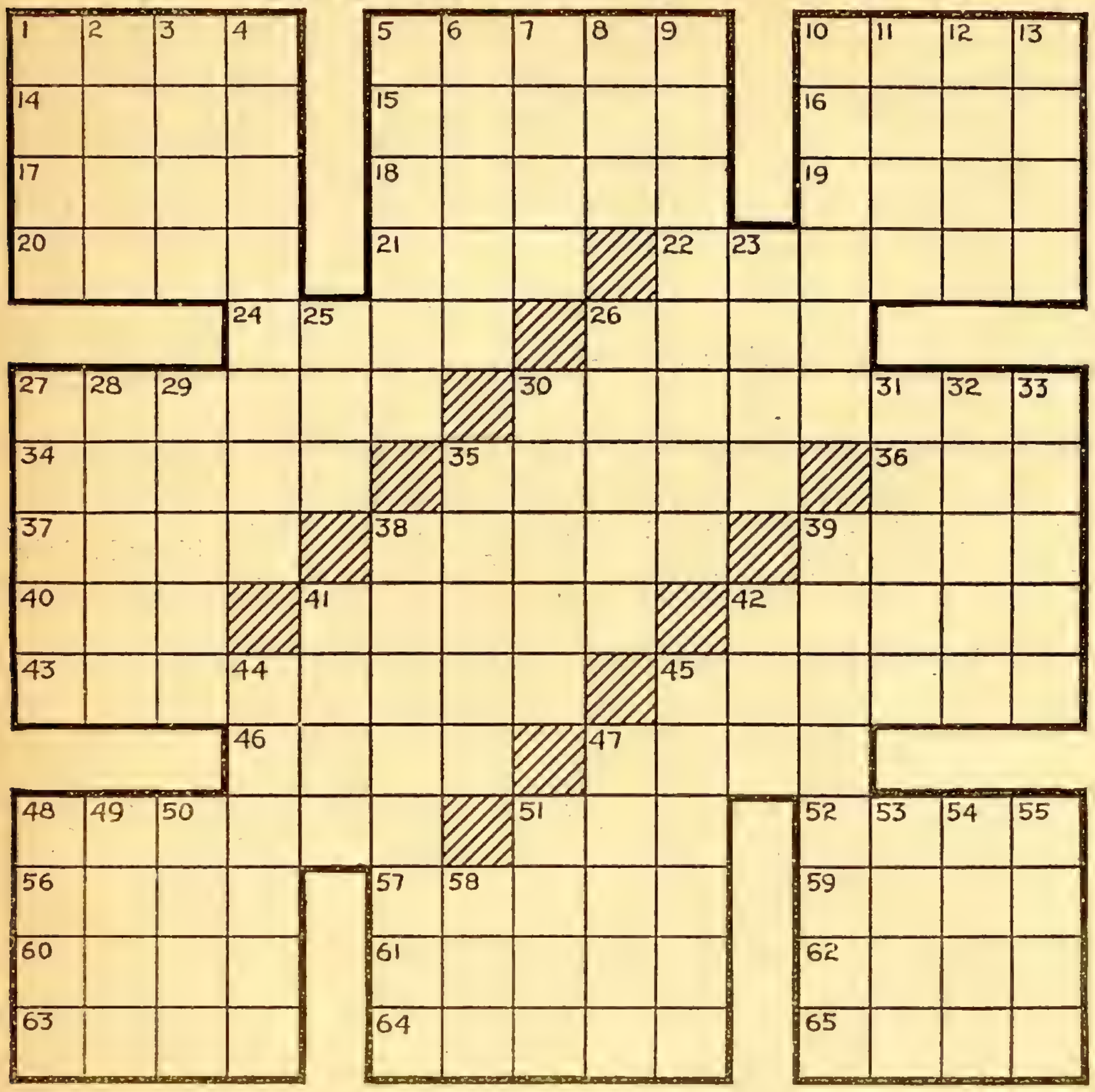
I told him I couldn't understand her.

Quick as a flash came the boy's answer:

"Well, I bet that another baby could."—Ray H. Springstead, U. S. V. B. Hospital, Northport, N. Y.

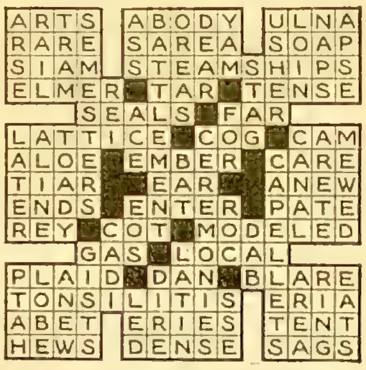
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Resorts
5 More unusual
10 A European mountain range
14 Soft mineral
15 To accustom or habituate
16 Deck in the rear of some ships
17 Titular character in a Verdi opera
18 One who acts like an automaton
19 A panel
20 Blurt out
21 Hoosier author
22 Rendered clear for ingress or egress
24 A kind of cheese
26 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
27 Invest with ministerial functions
30 Spendthrifts; prodigals
34 Sharp excrescence, as on a plant
35 Buff or yellowish brown loam
36 Roumanian coins
37 To have or keep
38 Ground used in playing various games
39 Ridges of drift (Swedish)
40 Compass point
41 Preserves in salt
42 To stay
43 Make restitution
45 Anger; ill humor
46 Islets
47 Acts of a Roman magistrate



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A R T S   A B O D Y   U L N A
R A R E   S A R E A   S O A P
S I A M   S T E A M S H I P S
E L M E R ■ T A R ■ T E N S E
      S E A L S ■ F A R
L A T T I C E ■ C O G ■ C A M
A L O E ■ E M B E R ■ C A R E
T I A R ■ ■ E A R ■ ■ A N E W
E N D S ■ E N T E R ■ P A T E
R E Y ■ C O T ■ M O D E L E D
      G A S ■ L O C A L
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T O N S I L I T I S   E R I A
A B E T   E R I E S   T E N T
H E W S   D E N S E   S A G S
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Answer to last week's puzzle

48 Fastening device
51 Self
52 Hawaiian food made from roots
56 Tender affection
57 Street urchin
59 Persia
60 Smell
61 City official of ancient Rome (variant)
62 Department in France
63 Marble used as a shooter (plural)
64 Edible flatfish (plural)
65 Sleeps

VERTICAL

1 Pierce
2 A container
3 Name of an operatic soprano
4 Sheath for an edged weapon
5 To get again; recover
6 Positive terminal of an electric source
7 A measuring implement
8 Sooner than
9 Most distant
10 To add
11 Permission to use
12 A kind of johnnycake
13 Hastened
23 Writes
25 One tenth of a Japanese sen
26 Imitators
27 Different in identity
28 River in France and Switzerland
29 Deals out in small portions
30 Water connecting two larger bodies
31 Feminine name
32 Author of The Cloister and the Hearth
33 An enticing, dangerous woman
35 Region of a bird's head (plural)
38 A train of attendants (plural)
39 Offering; sacrifice
41 A spiral of wire or rope
42 Fitting
44 Small wax candles
45 Scotch cakes baked on a griddle
47 Apt or ready to move; nimble
48 Narrow aperture
49 One of a Hindustan people
50 Assert to be true
51 A man's name
53 A song
54 A file
55 Possessive pronoun
58 Commotion

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 23

1—Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.
2—In 1848.
3—Elbert Hubbard.
4—Fair or elegant writing or penmanship.
5—The highest elevation is 1,400 feet.
6—A fortified gap in the mountains between India and Afghanistan.
7—In 1886.
8—A boasting, aggressive, militant attitude in foreign policy.
9—In Coventry, England.
10—About 450 miles long.
11—Captain Charles D. Sigsbee.
12—Belgrade.
13—Donizetti.
14—Caribou.
15—September 24, 1869, when a panic was caused by gambling in gold.
16—Red.
17—After Etienne de Silhouette, French Minister of Finance in 1759.
18—In the Pyrenees of northern Spain and southwestern France.
19—From Tarentum, Italy, now Taranto. The true tarantula is a native of Europe.
20—Vergil.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

(*See page 23*)

Care of the first teeth determines in large measure the proper growth of permanent teeth. From the time teeth are big enough to be seen, they are big enough to be kept clean. Squibb Dental Cream is the safest dentifrice for children's teeth.

Children don't always enjoy what's good for them. But *every one*, young and old, likes the clean, pleasant taste of Squibb's. You'll find it easier to bring up your family with right habits of dental care, when you use Squibb Dental Cream.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

NOW—
a new size at 25¢
to meet a growing demand —in addition to the over-size tube at 40¢

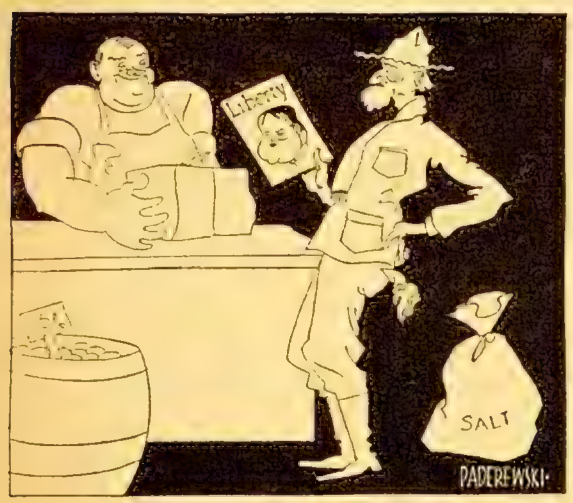
SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

U.S. MAIL
Paderewski

VOX

Trade in Mississippi Seems to Be on the Upgrade

NORTH CARROLLTON, MISS.—I didn't know until the other day just what your Back-to-the-Land Movement has really done for the country. I was sitting in a store here, and a man who was once head of a big finance company in the year B. C. came into the store to buy his spring goods. He told the merchant that he had just killed two fat shoats and needed twenty-five pounds of salt, a pound of cayenne pepper, and a package of sage. The merchant filled his order and the farmer chucked him a big coon hide.



Then the merchant figured up his bill and threw him a possum hide in change.

But that didn't quite make it, so he tossed him a March 4, '28, Liberty, and he took it with a grin! But don't think that farmer wasn't blind as a bat. 'Cause that was the issue where Hoover was inaugurated. But as long as we have coon and possum hides to trade and can get an issue of the best magazine in the old U. S. in change, we're going to keep right on until we find that corner. —*Wm. O. Lang.*

The Crown Prince's Ears Must Be Burning

PORTSMOUTH, VA.—As a constant reader of your excellent magazine since its alpha, this is the first time I voice my protest and criticism to you for publishing The Truth About My Life, by former Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany, in the March 25 Liberty.

He couldn't sell this to anybody else but you, and you swallowed hook, line, sinker, even the pole.

Take a glance at his physiognomy; that tells his whole story, without going any further.

He is a coward (like his father, who skipped at night into Holland, instead of going down with his wreck), a tin-soldier hero who never smelled any other powder than the one his nurse put on him.

His brother died, but not in war, but by his own hand. Let him tell for what bravery in action (?) he received all the decorations that make him look like a Xmas tree.

I hope he reads this. I dare you to print it.

In disgust with the Hohenzollerns, from a man who was born and educated in Germany.—*Jack F. J. Powell.*

TORONTO, ONT.—No matter what excuses they make, or whatever they say, the clown prince and his equally war-crazed father can never whitewash their deplorable actions which made bad history for Germany. They stood for terrorism and murder in their Me and God attitude. What excuse for the slaughter of poor Belgium? What of the women and children? Yes, they want to forget, and so do we, but we cannot. Ask the parents of America, Canada, Australia, Britain, France, Belgium, and all Allied countries and also Germany; ask them to forget the countless millions sacrificed for a tyrant's whim, and do they forgive and forget? They cannot.

And now we are to hear "The Truth" from this parade soldier. He will try and explain why, and how, and when to us. Far better to keep your head down out of sight, Willie, for a sniper might get you. It was really a pity that one didn't get you in August, '14, along with your most illustrious pa. Better the pair of you had pushed up daisies or poppies than the hundreds of thousands of good men you indiscriminately hurled to destruction in your self-made war machine. No wonder they withdrew you from Verdun. The pity is that they did not do it soon enough.—*A. T. Smallman.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your advertising department should grasp the opportunity of selling space to the manufacturers of Crying Towels. As I read the ex-Crown Prince's plea for sympathy the tears just rolled down my Semitic nose.

Be sure to get the rights to Hitler's story and I'll predict that you will increase your circulation fifty per cent with the Jewish population.—*Bernard K. Meyers.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—I just read The Truth About My Life, by the Crown Prince. Of course it was written from a German viewpoint, with several incorrect versions of American sentiments during the war, but it was no worse than some of the propaganda we had at the same time.—*Tom Dickinson.*

Times Have Changed

U. S. S. SARATOGA—Too bad our Seattle leatherneck in Vox Pop can't enjoy salty humor. How long has he been in the Marine Corps? Believe it or not, sailors and marines get along fine—we have sixty-five of them on this ship and we get along like brothers.—*Ray Wallis, Bugler, Second Class.*

You Get the Idea

BELLEVUE, KY.—For a while I thought Old Man Depression had hit Liberty hard; but I noticed the Old Girl snapped out of it quick. She is growing better week by week.

Some of the novels you have given us lately couldn't be equaled at a bookstore for several dollars; especially Hell Hounds! and Dark of the Moon; and Five Days was a wow.

John H. Butzner

The idea of this letter is to thank you for running the Dinky Contest. You see, it has convinced me thoroughly that as an author I would make a good fish peddler or something.

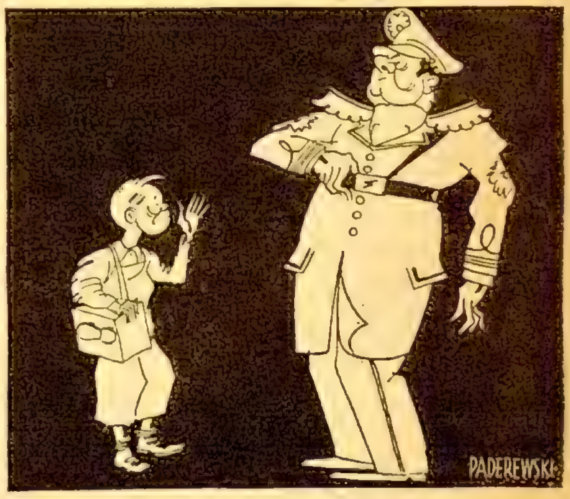
I had more ideas for short short stories than the "World's Ten Best Authors." But as I stretched 'em out to a thousand words they didn't look so good. Then imagine how good I felt when you came out with the eight-word Dinky at six dollars and a quarter a word.

Then imagine how bad I felt when I found I couldn't even stretch those wonderful ideas to eight words and make 'em sound right. Well, there's one good consolation—Dinky doesn't send out those horrible rejection slips.—*John H. Butzner.*

Perish the Thought

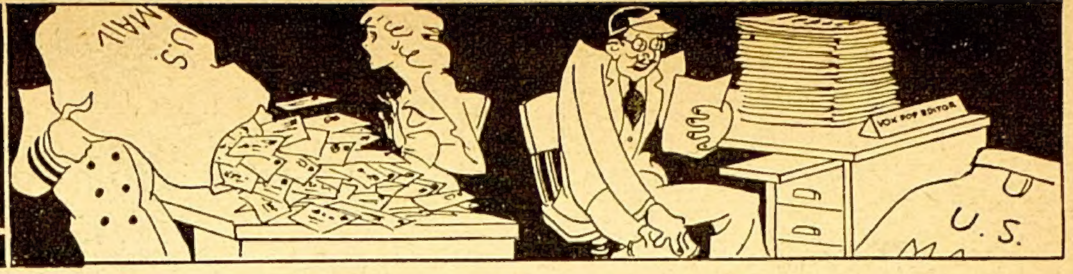
WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It would be great if we could have another war now and get as much out of it as we got from the World War.

Just think. We got lots of millionaires, a full general, and the Sam Browne belt from that one. The full general and the millionaires we can dispense with; they seem superfluous—but the Sam Browne belt is indispensable to commerce today.



Just think how some of our important sidewalk admirals, our stage drivers, and some female ushers who have the fortunate distinction of being supplied with them would look without the Sam Browne!—*C. N. Villiamor.*

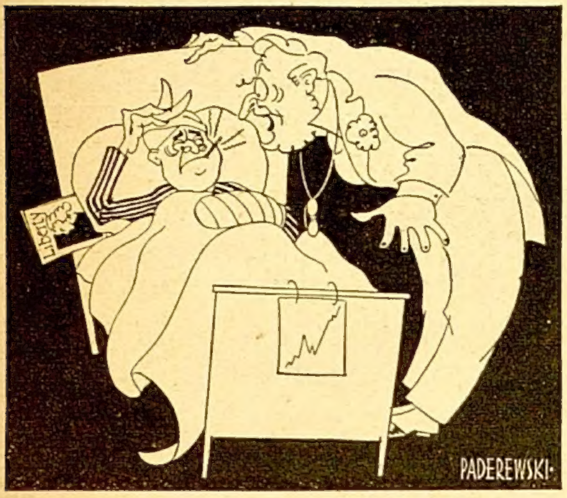
POP



The Doctor Was Probably Reading One of the Serials

CHATTANOOGA, TENN. — Have long been a reader of Liberty and there is not a better magazine on the market at any price.

Have been in the hospital the last two months and Liberty and Wednesday are the things I look forward to. Have been running a temperature of 100 and 101 degrees every day except Wednesday, when it goes to 103 or over. The nurse has always called the house doctor when it has run this high, and they could not understand it until the doctor noticed a Liberty on my bed. He said nothing at the time, but the following Wednesday when the nurse called, he replied, " Take that d—— Liberty from under his pillow and he will go back to normal."



Anyway, by the time my Liberty goes the rounds of nurses, doctors, and patients it is pretty nearly worn out. Give us some more Hell Hounds!—*Robyn A. Hodges.*

In Which a True Celt Speaks His Little Piece

SEATTLE, WASH.—I read Sergeant Halyburton's Shoot and Be Damned! and also Colonel Fonck's reply and the concluding article by Charles A. Geoghegan on the brutal treatment of prisoners of war.

Well, I don't like the name of Halyburton—sounds too English—but Geoghegan sounds like a good name to me, and I would take the word of a Geoghegan against the word of any German official.—*J. Ryan.*

A Working Wife Objects to a Back-to-the-Home Drive

RALEIGH, N. C.—I should like to comment upon (and resent) publicly the letter signed " T. G. Carson " in Vox Pop of April 1.

The last paragraph of this modern Solomon's unreasonable communication says, " A back-to-the-home movement for married women whose husbands are employed would throw the limelight on another great evil."

I would suggest to this wise man that he investigate more thoroughly before he argues against a class of women who are probably helping others to get along more than he is. Maybe he isn't aware of the fact that many of the employed married women would rather be at home but cannot indulge in their preferences due to the fact that their husbands, though fortunate enough to have a job, have had their salaries cut so much that except for their wives' needed financial help they would lose their homes (in some instances almost paid for), could not continue their children's education, and would have been out of luck in many other respects.—*Marie T. Slicer.*

The Mailman Knows We Don't Have to Write 'Em

LOCKPORT, ILL.—I have been a reader of your magazine for about two and a half years and wish to say that I don't see how anybody could want a better, cleaner, more up-to-date magazine. I'll never forget with what incredulity I first read your Vox Pop pages. I thought then, and I still may be right, that all those letters therein were tailor-made by the editor, and it was not until he started taking a few knocks that I began doubting myself.

Robert E. Barnes

I get a great kick out of that department and enjoy some of these would-be authors' wailing and telling how far their rejection slips would reach and how many rooms they could paper with them.

The serial Five Days, by Eric Hatch, was really humorous, although your Detectograms are lousy.—*Robert E. Barnes.*

Those Are Harsh Words, H. L.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—In your March 25 Vox Pop I see that Robert Lee Mullen does not drink, smoke, or gamble. What does he do to make himself smell like a man? If they grow men like him in Alabama, praise Allah I come from Virginia.—*H. L. H.*

Bear Facts from Montana

BELTON, MONT.—I live in Glacier National Park, located in the wild and woolly Rocky Mountains, where the grizzly bears play seven up with the mountain lions and the owls hoot at you. Believe me, kid, when I tell you that I walk six miles every week to get my copy of Liberty.—*C. J. Palmer.*

Why Not?

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Referring to your editorial of your April 1 issue. If Liberty Bond currency, why not Adjusted Compensation for the veterans?—*John E. McCall.*

Nobody Else Saw Anything Wrong with That Cover

DENVER, COLO.—Although I am a regular reader of your publication I beg to report that your cover of March 25 does not conform to my standards of thinking. It seems to me that common decency should not be sacrificed for the sake of news-stand appeal.

Rev. J. Fred Foley

We should not present these most suggestive illustrations to our young people.

I doubt greatly whether you will print this, since it is criticism.—*Rev. J. Fred Foley.*

Turn Him Over

CHARLES CITY, IOWA—I have tried all of your contests, with no avail, but this is the first time that I have written to Vox Pop.

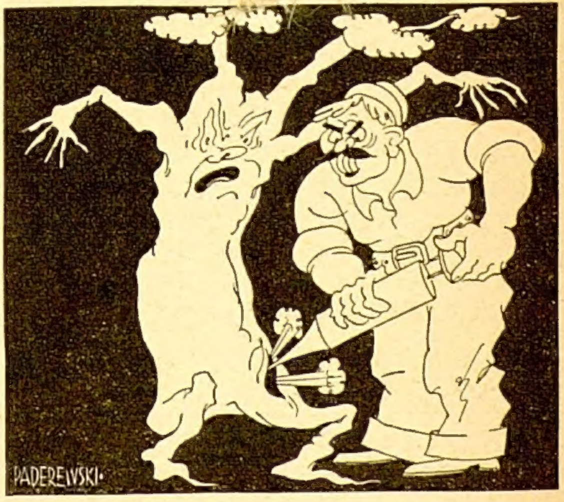
I would like to say to Baldy McCowen, in regard to his March 25 cover, that I have yet to see the dog that licks with the under side of his tongue!

What are we going to do about it?—*Mildred Idso.*

Keep Your Shirt On

BOISE, IDAHO—Far be it from me—a mere man—to sneak over in To the Ladies! column and offer any censorship on diction or choice of words, particularly to a princess whose first accomplishment is " linguist." But, scanning Princess Kropotkin's South Carolina tree episode in Liberty of March 11, don't you s'pose she could as well have had this lumber company inject this dye into those trees instead of having it squirted in?

The reader then would not so instinctively have shuddered and winced in the fear that some nearsighted operator of the squirt gun failed to hit the tree—with the *full* dose.



Yes, of course I'll look to see if this is printed, but if the editor changes my heading to one of his Caustic Captions —next time I'll underwrite with my laundry mark.—*C. S. B.*

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

Tony Sarg

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

LITTLE boys go big-game hunting once a year in New York City. Tony Sarg supplies the big game. He makes the monster balloon animals that parade through Manhattan on Thanksgiving Day.

Tony Sarg used to be puzzled by the quantity of small holes that riddled them. Now he knows about that.

"Air rifles," he told me, "and sling shots. The kids pour volleys of bullets into my animals every year."

Clarence Chamberlin is as big a kid as the rest. Tony says:

"One of my rubber dragons floated loose over Long Island while Chamberlin, the aviator, was flying there. He took a childish delight in pursuing my monster and slaying it with the tip of his wing."

Sarg's toys, balloons, marionettes, jig-saw puzzles are famous all over America. You'd never think that he is a veteran German army officer. He was born in Central America, trained for war in old Junker Germany. But he turned artist on them.

Spends his holidays aboard a friend's yacht. The yacht is called the Floating Kidney.

HAVE you forgotten how to ride a bicycle? Give this a thought if you want to keep in style. Thus far the new vogue for bicycle riding appears to be more or less restricted to Bermuda and to the quiet resorts of the very rich, but fashions are soon popularized in this country. The college crowds are already cycling, I understand, and bicycle manufacturers report a thirty-per-cent sales increase during the last few years.

Personally, I am all for the return of the wheel. It's cheap. It offers pleasant outdoor exercise, and the new divided skirts designed for bicycling are pretty nifty.

Never again, of course, will the bicycle compete with the automobile as a favorite item of rolling stock. But for suburban life, for summer resorts, I think the return of the bicycle may be a blessing.

MORE and more popular in Washington and the big cities is the Sunday-morning breakfast party. It solves so many entertainment problems for busy people. Breakfast at 10:30, 11, or 12 noon, according to the Sabbath habits of your set.

Breakfast-party menus are of the widest variety. Calvin Coolidge used to stick to wheat cakes and sausages. Smoked haddock or broiled kidneys are the English trick, with oysters, omelets, chicken livers, or shad roe among the fancier possibilities. I advise both coffee and tea on a small table at the right of the hostess; she is not then cut off from her guests by a barricade of silverware.

If the guests are well assorted, there is a feeling of informality and leisure about a Sunday breakfast party that leads to excellent conversation. Lloyd George's Sunday breakfasts were famous in London at one time. It is said that more knotty problems were ironed out at his breakfast table than in the House of Commons.

Keep your menu, your tableware, china, etc.—and yourself—simple and unpretentious.

HERE'S a true story of beauty and the beast. I know a homely man—oh, but really *homely!* He looks like a wooden ogre. Women were nice to him because of his unfortunate face. They were sorry for him.

I was always afraid of hurting his feelings—anxious to show that his homeliness didn't matter. He's a nice man, you see.

Well, he fell in love with a divinely beautiful girl. Soon we noticed that he never escorted her alone. With them always were three very good-looking young men—all keen on her, too. And always the homely one gave the handsome ones first chance to contend for her favor.

Whom did she marry in the end? The ogre, of course. She told me why.

"I grew up," she said. "And as time went on I learned to value a dependable man more than a handsome one. Those good-looking boys wanted too much attention. Marriage is not a beauty contest. I knew better than to marry a man who prized his own good looks."

Wise ogre! He knew how to make use of competition.

NEW dress details from Paris: Chartreuse and white will be much in vogue for summer frocks. Velvet bracelets of different colors are very smart. They're worn from wrist to elbow.

Wear them with tight-sleeved sheer black dresses.

Smart also are black patent-leather pumps trimmed with beige leather. The new evening turbans are of black tulle trimmed with one rhinestone tassel, or a gypsy circle dangling over the right ear. Hats are now being worn very straight with tailored clothes — very tilted with dress-up clothes.

Two large initial letters, one gold, the other silver, are the latest thing for your tailored hand bag.

A TASTY addition to this year's literature is The Savannah Cook Book, by Harriet Ross Colquitt. Old Southern recipes. Useful. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

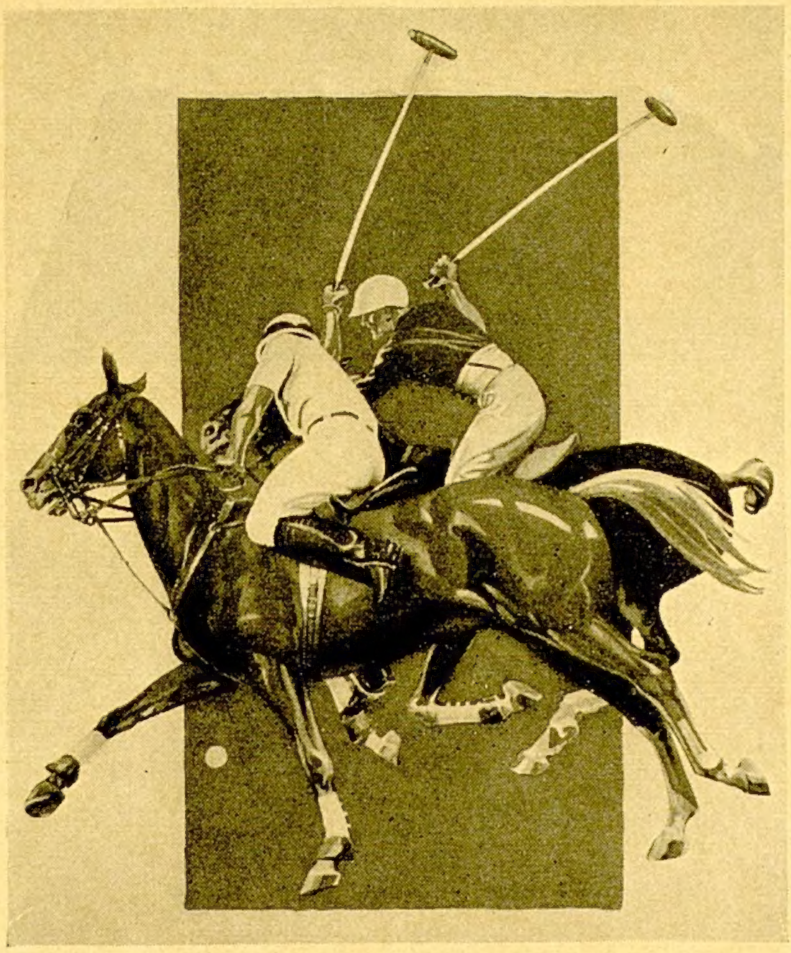
How Are You On Names?

YOU CAN WIN A SHARE OF

$250

IN CASH AWARDS

By Naming This Week's Cover Picture



THIS IS THE CONTEST PICTURE.
WHAT WILL BE YOUR TITLE FOR IT?

THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$50

SECOND PRIZE
$25

THIRD PRIZE
$15

FOURTH PRIZE
$10

TEN PRIZES, EACH
$5

FIFTY PRIZES, EACH
$2

SOMEONE will win $50 by submitting the best title for this week's Liberty cover. Your chance to be that person is excellent. Or you may win the $25 second prize, or one of the many other awards listed at the right. Vacation time is coming. Why not add a Liberty prize to your holiday budget? It will provide many of the little extras that make vacations doubly enjoyable. Perhaps you happen to be of a practical turn of mind and want some extra cash for immediate disbursement while prices are at their present level. One of these cash awards may put the money right in your hand. The prizes must be paid. It's a fair field and no favors. Your chance to win an award is the equal of anyone's. Make the most of it.

You need not even turn back to the cover. We have reproduced the picture right here on this page for you. Study it carefully. Consider what caption you would give it if you were an editor and had to write a caption in ten words or less. Probably you've thought of half a dozen already. Jot down the best and submit it in accordance with the brief rules. If your entry is the best submitted you will receive Liberty's check for $50 forthwith. And if it is second best you will receive a check for $25 and so on through the entire list of sixty-four awards. Read the rules for information on how, when, and where to file your entry. And make sure that your name and address appear clearly, are written plainly or printed. Here's success to you!

The prize winners ordinarily listed on this page will be found elsewhere in this issue.

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most. The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. This contest closes Monday, May 8.

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN A SHARE OF $250 IN CASH PRIZES. DON'T NEGLECT IT.

SHOOTING THRU A WOMAN

ILLUSION:

The magician shoots the arrow—apparently *through* his lovely assistant—and it fixes itself in the very *center* of the bull's-eye! The girl smiles while the audience gasps!

EXPLANATION:

The arrow which the marksman "shoots through" his assistant simply folds up into the crossbow! The arrow which is embedded in the target is shot by the girl herself from a belt concealed under her dress when she touches a little spring. The girl also releases a ribbon from the front of her dress—the continuation, seemingly, of the ribbon attached to the arrow in the target.

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED... IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Let's look at the *illusion* in cigarette advertising that by certain magic processes raw, inferior tobaccos can be made as soothing as cough syrup.

EXPLANATION: The easiest cigarette on your throat is the cigarette that is made from the choicest ripe tobaccos. Cheap, raw tobaccos are, as you would naturally expect, *harsh* in their effects upon the throat. If you have to consider your throat, the quality of the tobacco in your cigarette is important.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Camels are as non-irritating as a cigarette can be because Camels use choice, ripe, costlier tobaccos . . . in a matchless blend.

KEPT FRESH
IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's

NO TRICKS
—JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND